

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A S E L E C T I O N
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING:
TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

LONDON:
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1826.

T W E L F T H - N I G H T :

OR,

W H A T Y O U W I L L .

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D .

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-check.

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, } *servants to Olivia.*
Clown, }

Olivia, *a rich Countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast
near it.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. — Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. — How now? what news
from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self King! —
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd: — What think
you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
say'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance,
may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence: and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit!

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's
an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays on the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece;

I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, Mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir; I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus; that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
 Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith:
 It shall become thee well to act my woes;
 She will attend it better in thy youth,
 Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
 For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
 That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know, thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair:— Some four, or five, attend him;
 All, if you will: for I myself am best,
 When least in company: — Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
 To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barrful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA, and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
 or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle
 may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will
 hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd
 in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee
 where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent: or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. — God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink,

then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for

the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but Madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Iove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis as gentleman here — A plague o'these pickle-herrings! — How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit CLOWN.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge

of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains

pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise?

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant, sweet Lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to de-
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liver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
 In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant.
 And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
 A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense,
 I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house;
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe:
What is decreed, must be: and be this so! [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-
ly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, per-
haps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of
you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you
are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so ex-
cellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express myself. You must know of me then, An-
tonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodo-

rigo; my father was that Sebastian, of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had so ended! but, you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go,

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

*A Street.**Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man; — If it be so, (as 'tis) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromius, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight gave a — —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, Ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's
coming,*

*That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:*

*In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. And you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight?* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[They sing a Catch.]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* *[Singing.]*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth Day of December, —*
[Singing.

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? Sir, ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs: — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. *[Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bed, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight. — Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some musick: — Now, good morrow, friends: —

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: —
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my Lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO. — Musick.

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some savour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is noth worth thee then. What years,
i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
night: —

the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! — I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where: for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewel. [*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, Sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —

No motion of the liver, but the palate, —

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolte;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

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Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not:
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he

brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: — Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: — How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue: —

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio; —

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, — telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech; —*

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [reads] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft! — and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads.] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know. — What follows? the numbers altered! —

No man must know: — If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* — Nay, but first, let me see, — let me see, — let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this; — And the end; — What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! — *M, O, A, I,* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: — he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M,* — Malvolio; — *M,* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M,* — But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind,

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; This simulation is not as the former: — and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose. — If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with

the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* — Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot

but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown, with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir. — To see this age! — A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word: and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir; I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir. To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance:
But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens rain
odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain
odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to
your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*
— I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me
to my hearing [*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW,
and MARIA.* Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his
thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle
thoughts

On his behalf: —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you.
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear Lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did
send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might
you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree of love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to
harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your Ladyship!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what
you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of
you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what
I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have
you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beau-
tiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon.

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good Madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i'the orchard,

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainrobes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood

blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir. To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church. — I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such incurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were Ita'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's
sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's my
purse:

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant. —

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio? — he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes; —
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, Madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam,
He does nothing but smile: your Ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. — I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be sad: This does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering; But what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is:
Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in
my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands
shall be executed. I think, we do know the
sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come
to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales an-
swer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous
boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness: — 'T was well
writ.*

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great, —*

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness, —*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings; —*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; —*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; — *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, — put thyself*

into the trick of singularity; — and, consequently, sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, Let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: — How is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil, consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, Mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out;
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, say'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my
master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him
that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee
to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast
done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full
of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at
the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in
thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful,
and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish men withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced thee; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip yourself stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit SIR TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll nos meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the per-

dition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake; marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword; — If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*]

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir. To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [draws.]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.]

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up, if you please. [To SIR ANDREW.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; — and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. — This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, —
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god! —

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. —
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd beform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous - evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be no-
thing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not
sent for you?

Seb.

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: —
These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [Beating SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger
o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [Holding SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another
way to work with him; I'll have an action of

battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [draws.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [draws.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario: —

Rudesby, be gone! — I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: —
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thoud'st be
rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard: make him believe, thou art Sir Topas
the curate! do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the
whilst. [Exit MARIA.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself in't; and I would I were the first that
ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall
enough to become the function well; nor lean
enough to be thought a good student: but to be
said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper,
goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a
great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old her-
mit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very
wittingly said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That,*
that is, is: so I, being master parson, am master
parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. [in an inner chamber.] Who calls
there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of this opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio.

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen — I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains, I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir,

And anon, Sir,

I'll be with you again,

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. Now can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the

triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir; lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war;
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him. — What's the
matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from
Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord: and for three months
before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heaven
walks on earth. —

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my
Lord, —

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, Lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my Lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —

Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life:
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? —
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come, away. [To *VIOLA*.

Oli. Whither my Lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
 And all the ceremony of this compact
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
 grave,

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt
 thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest, —

Oli. O, do not swear;
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
 fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE - CHEEK, with his
 head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon;
 send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has
 given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the
 love of God, your help: I had rather than forty
 pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario:
 we took him for a coward, but he's the very de-
 vil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you;

You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.
Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
 You throw a strange regard upon me, and
 By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
 We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
 persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
 How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
 Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? —
 An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
 Than those two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
 Of here and every where. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd: —
 Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To VIOLA.*
 What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his watery tomb:
 If spirits can assume both form and suit
 You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
 But am in that dimension grossly clad,
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
 And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump;
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:
[To OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[To VIOLA.

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand:
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on
shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: — Fetch Malvolio
hither: —

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrancy clearly banish'd his. —
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:
he has here writ a letter to you, I should have
given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's
epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much,
when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the
fool delivers the madman. — *By the Lord, Ma-*
dam! —

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an
your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Prin-
cess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you
have put me into darkness, and given your
drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship.
I have your own letter that induced me to the*

semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. *The madly-used Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. —

Your master quits you; [To VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister? — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, and MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same;

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell my why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
thee?

Clo. Why, some are born great, some atchieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir
Topas, Sir; but that's al one: — *By the Lord,*
fool, I am not mad; — But do you remember?
Madam, why laugh you at such a barren ras-
cal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: And thus
the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: —
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls — Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — *Cesario, come;*
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen. [Exeunt.

S O N G.

CLO. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*
[Exit.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincentio, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

Two other like gentlemen.

Varrius, *a gentleman, servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two friars.*
Peter, }

A justice.

Elbow, *a simple constable.*

Froth, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.

Abhorson, *an executioner.*

Barnadine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved by Claudio.*

Francisca, *a nun.*

Mistress Over-done, a bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna,

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus, —

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is
able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. —
Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo. —

[Exit an Attendant.]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence do supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my Lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
 So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
 I'll privily away: I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place:
 A power I have; but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: — Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A Street.**Enter LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee? for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant: as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, at thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio, and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, Mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same.

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers;
LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus
to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight. —
The words of heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures to pursue,
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: — Lucio, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. — Is lechery so lock'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: — Upon a true contract.

I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chanced,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke, —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness!
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by
the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: — 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she
be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the
Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be
found.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strick deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosper-
ous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours, —

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Monastery.

Enter DUKE, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd; And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo (A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd; Now, pious Sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strick statutes, and most biting laws,

(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,)

Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
 Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
 Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
 For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
 father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office:
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
 home,

And yet my nature never in the sight,
 To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both Prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one: — Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men,

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet's you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not — though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him! — My
cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit, he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone.
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt, —

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Hall in ANGELO's House.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost, Officers,
and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your Honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own assections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing so be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive
 us all:

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, etc.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heaven and your Honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman; —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your Honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clo. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed,

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, Sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas. — Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; — 'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit; Have you not;

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then; — I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my
leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your Lordship. [*Exit ANGELO.*] Now, Sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it: What is't your Worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it: — Thou seest, thou wicket varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[To Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir,

Escal. So. — What trade are you of, Sir?

[To the Clown.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, Sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine! — Come hither to me, master

Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you

acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*] — Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your Worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold out in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you, — I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, — Poor Claudio! — There's no remedy. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it! —

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? had'st thou not
order

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's pardon. —
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of the sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your Honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while. — [*To ISAB.*] You are
welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your Honour.
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab.

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your Ho-
nour! [Retiring.

Lucio. [To *Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him
again, intreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To ISABELLA.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*

Ang. Your brother is the forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; — he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
Spare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, be-
think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, when they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives thi:
sentence;

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
thunder. —

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; — O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will
relent;

He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your
bosom;

Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. — Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: — Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my Lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.

[*Aside to ISABEL.*

Isab. Heaven keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [Aside.
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'forenoon.

Isab. Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue! —
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
 enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite; — Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
 good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
 order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them; and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To JULIET.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do
repent,

As that the sin has brought you to this shame, —
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven;

Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, —

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him. —
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. *[Exit Serv.]*
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so? — Heaven keep your Honour!

[Retiring.]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his re-
prieve,

Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this; —
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: at these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed. — But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice,

Isab. O, pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) led me be
bold; —

I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seem-
ing! —

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite!
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[Exit.]

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life, —

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust; Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you,
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
 company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves
 a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's
 your sister.

Duke Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be
 conceal'd

Yet hear them. [*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in
 deed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, put such remedy, as, to save a head;
 To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy, —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil;

His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,

So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes. — Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? — O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! Alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel,

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practice his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Ee-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. — Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo!

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plau-

sible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like

beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: — Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, —
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed; it does stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs
for sin,
Thou wilt prove this. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, Sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and

comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem
to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, Sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If Imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now. — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Lucio. Go, — to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*
What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: — Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes: — But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why; what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, Sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; — and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the Duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, — pardon; — 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — The greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very supperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency: sparrows must not build in his house eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in morality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALLUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation; if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now;

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure
it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous
to be aged in any kind of course, as it is
virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There

is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe;
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply:
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
 Pay with falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Room in MARIANA'S House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

S O N G.

*Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:*

But

But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —

[Exit Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, Sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so, —
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such
a charm,

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for
me here to-day? much upon this time have I pro-
mis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,

That makes his opening with this bigger key:
 This other doth command a little door,
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
 There have I made my promise to call on him,
 Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
 this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
 With whispering and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
 And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
 Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
 I have a servant comes with me along,
 That stays upon me: whose persuasion is,
 I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
 I have not yet made known to Mariana
 A word of this: — What, ho! within! come
 forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
 She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
 you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
 found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
 Who hath a story ready for your ear:
 I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
 The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And ack thee in their fancies! — 'Welcome! How
agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tythe's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cutt off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a nototious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Clo. Pray, Sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, Sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly Sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

By and by: —

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio. — Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholsomest spirits of the
night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of
late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he ty-
rannous;
But this being so, he's just. — Now are they
come. —

[*Knocking within.* — *Provost goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men. —
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd
with haste,

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you not countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermand; no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside.]*

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love, is the offender friended. —

Now, Sir, what news.

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depend on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him; I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him liberty to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, at if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course

is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you

are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you.
Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money; marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and daggerman, and young Drop heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, Sir; the hangman: You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to

prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, Sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, —

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I do-day. [Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart! — After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done; — Put them in secret
holds,

Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel: — She's come to
know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world? Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say; which you shall find

By every syllable, a faithful verity:

The Duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

Ang. Good night. —

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! — But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares
her? — no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would
not. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

The matter being a foot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice,
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets
sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veil'd*) ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance, Enter at opposite doors*, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: —
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your
royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,

And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus;
 You must walk by us on our other hand; —
 And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and
 kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
 Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
 O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
 Be brief:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
 Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy Duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
 Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear
 me, here.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
 Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and
 strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
 speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
 That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
That this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning,

Duke. Away with her: — Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not im-
possible,

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing: but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
 To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo;
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
 As then the messenger; —

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
 I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo.
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak,

Lucio. No, my good Lord;
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
 Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
 A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed
 to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the
 wrong

To speak before your time. — Proceed.

Isab. I went
 To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.
 The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter; — Proceed.

Isab. In brief, — to set the needless process by,
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
 How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
 (For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion

— Who knew of your intent, and coming
hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lo-
dowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike, — Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling
friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly

Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar,
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my Lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,

(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
 Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,) came I hither,
 To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
 And all probation, will make up full clear,
 Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman;
 (To justify this worthy nobleman,
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd,)
 Her shall you hear disproved to your eyes,
 Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and MARIANA comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? —
 O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
 Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
 In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
 Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
 First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord; I will not show my
 face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No my Lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then: — Neither maid, widow, nor
 wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a punk; for many
 of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had
 some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my
body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: — Let's see
thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will un-
mask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the look-
ing on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this
woman;

And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good
Lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;

Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of
justice;

My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on: Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out,

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure. —

Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? — You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. —

There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for
he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. — [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
well

Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. —
[*Exit DUKE.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say,
you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest
person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum;* honest
in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her: Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the Duke, in the Friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, Mistress; [*To ISABELLA.*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come Sir: Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne: —
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear
you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: — But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the Duke himself;
To tax him with injustice? — Take him hence;
To the rack with him: — We'll touze you joint
by joint,

But we will know this purpose: — What!
unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong sta-
tutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate; Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: — Away with him to prison: — Where is the provost? — Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: — Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, Sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting

biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a Duke. —

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three: —
Sneak not away, Sir; [To LUCIO.] for the friar
and you

Must have a word anon: — lay hold of him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down. — [To ESCALUS.]

We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave;
[To ANGELO.]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then good Prince,
Ho longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana: —

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. —

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again: — Go with him, Provost.

[Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and
Provost.]

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your
heart;

And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not
rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching
here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your
brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers lei-
sure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for
Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee
vantage;

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste; —

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your
life,

And choke your good to come: for his posses-
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege, — [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death. — Now, Sir, [*To Le-*
cio.] to you.

Mari. O, my good Lord! — Sweet Isabel, take
my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the
better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man con-
demn'd,

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent;
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say. —

I have bethought me of another fault: —
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not.
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio. —

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and
JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this
man: —

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: — Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fel-
low's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his
head;

As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA.*]
for his sake

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye: —
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours. —

I find an apt remission in myself:

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon; —
You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool,
a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, Sir, and hang'd after. —
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits: — Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it. —
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —

Joy to you, Mariana! — love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:

There's more behind, that is more grate. —
Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place: —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;

The offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is
mine: —

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [Exeunt.

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II,

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NOTES TO
TWELFTH - NIGHT:
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

** TWELFTH-NIGHT.] There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. It is not impossible, however, that the circumstances of the Duke sending his Page to plead his cause with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, etc. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his other original Poems in 1563:

„A worthy *Knyght* dyd love her longe
„And for her sake dyd feale
„The panges of love, that happen styl
„By frowning fortune's wheale.
„He had a *Page*, Valerius named,
„Whom so much he dyd truste,
„That all the secrets of his hart
„To hym declare he muste.

„And made hym all the onely meanes
 „To sue for his redresse,
 „And to entreate for grace to her
 „That caused his distresse,
 „*She whan as first she saw his page*
 „*Was straight with hym in love,*
 „*That nothyng coulde Valerius face*
 „*From Claudia's mynde remove.*
 „By hym was Faustus often harde,
 „By hym his suites toke place,
 „By hym he often dyd aspyre
 „To se his Ladyes face.
 „This passed well, tyll at the length
 „Valerius sore did sewe,
 „With many teares besechynge her
 „His mayster's gryefe to rewe.
 „And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 „Release his master's payne,
 „*He never wolde attempte her more*
 „*Nor se her ones agayne,*“ etc.

Thus also concludes the first scene of the third act of the Play before us:

„And so adieu, good Madam; never more
 „Will I my master's tears to you deplore,” etc.

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken, being so uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own possession, has hitherto occurred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Googe's Poetry.

August 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you Will* (which is the second title of this play), was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with

that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, „That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a Duke to be in love with a Countess, and that Countess to be in love with the Duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time.“ STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

Page 2, line 8. — *the sweet south,*] The old copy reads — *sweet sound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*.

STEEVENS.

I see no reason for disturbing the text of the old copy, which reads — *Sound*. The wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a sound in breathing on the violets, or else the simile is false. Besides, *sound* is a better relative to the antecedent, *strain*. DOUCE.

P. 2, l. 15. *Validity* is here used for *value*.

MALONE.

P. 2, l. 18. High-fantastical, *means* fantastical to the height. STEEVENS.

P. 2, l. 26. 27. *And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,*

E'er since pursue me. —] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too

great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of Princes by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

P. 3, l. 4. *Heat for heated.* The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, etc. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 16. — *the flock of all affections —*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*: „— has the *flock* of unspeakable virtues.“ STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 18. *These sovereign thrones,]* We should read — *three sovereign thrones.* This is exactly in the manner of Shakspeare. So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, do give thee fivefold blazon.* WARBURTON.

P. 3, l. 17—19. *Liver, brain, and heart,* are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment, and sentiments.* These are what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections,* though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 19. *Self-King* means *self-same King*; one and the same King. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 29. There is seemingly a play upon the words — *Illyria* and *Elysium.* DOUCE.

P. 4, l. 6. — and *that poor number* sav'd with you,] We should rather read — *this poor number*. The old copy has *those*. The sailors who were saved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 21. *A noble Duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *Duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family.

JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 3. and fol.

Vio. *O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!*] I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the Prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 18. — *I'll serve this Duke;*] Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the Duke.

JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 19. *Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,*] This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented to the Duke as a *page*, but not as a *eunuch*.

M. MASON.

The use of *Evirati*, in the same manner as at present, seems to have been well known at the time this play was written, about 1600.

BURNEY.

When the practice of castration (which originated certainly in the east) was first adopted, solely for the purpose of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The first regular opera, as Dr. Burney observes to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: „till about 1635, musical dramas were only performed occasionally in the palaces of Princes, and consequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel, was in the year 1600.“

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by Marston, one of our poets contemporaries, as excelling in singing. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 22. To *allow* is to *approve*.

STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 4. *Why, let her except before excepted.*] A ludicrous use of the formal *law phrase*.

FARMER.

P. 6, l. 17. *Tall* means *stout, courageous*.

STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 23. The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. COLLINS.

In the old dramatic writers, frequent mention is made of a *case of viols*, consisting of a *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor and the treble.

See Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Musick*, Vol. IV. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a description of a *case* more properly termed a *chest of viols*.

STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 26. He hath, indeed, — *almost natural*:] Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

He hath indeed, *all, most* natural. MALONE.

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P. 7, l. 2. He's a coward, and *a coystril*, i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *key-stril*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone hawk.

STEEVENS.

A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. For its etymology, see *Coustille* and *Coustillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

P. 7, l. 4. — till his brains turn o'the toe *like a parish-top*.] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief while they could not work. STEEVENS.

„To sleep like a *town-top*,“ is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE.

P. 7, l. 5. *Castiliano vulgo*;] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks.

WARBURTON.

I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has not attempted to explain *vulgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unless some incidental application of it may be found in connection with *Castiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having just declared that he would persist in drinking the health of his niece, as long as there was *a passage in his throat*, and drink in Illyria, at the

sight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Castiliano vulgo*. What this was, may be probably inferred from a speech in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 4to, 1610: „— Away, firke, scower thy throat, thou shalt wash it with *Gastilian licuor*.” HENLEY.

P. 7, l. 13. To *accost*, had a signification in our author's time that the word seems now to have lost. In the second part of *The English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader „who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech,” is furnished with *hard words*, „to draw near,” is explained thus: „To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate.” See also Cotgrave's Dict. in verb. *accoster*. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 21. Probably *board her* may mean *salute her, speak to her*, etc. REED,

To *board* is certainly to *accost*, or *address*.

RITSON.

P. 7, l. 29. and fol. There is the same pleasantry in *Lyly's Euphues*, 1581: „None (quoth she) can judge of wit but they that have it; why then (quoth he) *doest thou think me a fool? Thought is free*, my Lord, quoth she.” HOLT WHITE.

P. 8, l. 3. and fol. What is the jest of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 16. — and yet I will not compare with an *old man*.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

WARBURTON

This stroke of pretended satire but ill accords with the character of the foolish knight. *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff: — „*I am old in nothing but my understanding.*“ STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 24. — like mistress *Mall's* pictures?] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, etc. etc. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered — „A Booke called the Madde Praucks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day.“ *Middlston* and *Decker* wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that „it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them.“

The title of this piece is — *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut - purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players*, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unneces-

sarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristick. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value.

MALONE.

See a further account of this woman in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, edition, 1780, Vol. VI. p. 1. Vol. XII. p. 398. REED.

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659. In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: „This last Sunday *Moll Cutpurse*, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place [St. Paul's Cross], where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen - Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear *Moll Cutpurse* than him.“ MALONE.

It is for the sake of correcting a mistake of Dr. Grey, that I observe this is the character alluded to in the second of the following lines; and not *Mary Carleton*, the German Princess, as he has very erroneously and unaccountably imagined:

„A bold virago stout and tall,
„As Joan of France, or *English Mall*.“

Hudibras, P. I. ciii.

The latter of these lines is borrowed by Swift in his *Baucis and Philemon*. RITSON.

P. 9, l. 23. *a sink-a-pace*.] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 9, last l. and P. 10, first l. *Sir To*. — were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus; that's sides and heart.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 12. *And all is semblative a woman's part*.] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 20. *a barrful strife*! i. e. a contest full of impediments. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 24. CLOWN.] As this is the first *Clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character: — „I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarleton's woonted shape to remembrance.“ STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in this Comedy, in *All's well that ends well*, etc. The Clown, however, in *Measure for Measure*, (as an anonymous writer has observed) is only

the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so apparelled. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 30. he — needs to fear no colours.] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

P. 11, last but one l. A good *lenten answer*:] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer.

JOHNSON.

Surely a *lenten* answer, rather means a *short* and *spare* one, like the commons in *Lent*. So, in *Hamlet*: — „what *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you.“ STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 11. and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.] This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*.

I found this observation among some papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the perusal of which, I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of *Medea* and *Leonidas*, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the rest of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and opposite. For *turning away*, let summer bear it out. It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: „If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniencies of dismissal; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.“ STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 13. Points were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches (which had then no open-

ing or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doubled, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

P. 12, l. 27. *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.*] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, „that he knows not whether to call him a *foolish wise man*, or a *wise foolish man*.” JOHNSON.

P. 12, last but one l. *Madonna*, Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 4. *Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd:*] Alluding to the *patch'd* or particoloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 12. *fool's zanies*. i. e. *fool's baubles*, which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool*. DOUCE.

P. 14, l. 20. 21. *Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!*] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, *with pleasing*, i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the first editors, who did not understand the phrase, *indue thee with pleasing*, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so, in his Oxford edition, reads, *with learning*; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, though they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading more humorous: *May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!* JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 10. 'Tis a gentleman here —] He had before said it was a gentleman. He was asked, what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus:

'Tis a gentleman-heir.

i. e. some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him presently after. WARBURTON.

Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*? I would print it as an imperfect sentence. Mr. Edwards has the same observation, STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation may be right: yet Dr. Warburton's reading is not so strange, as it hath been represented. In Broome's *Jovial Crew*, Scentwell says to the gypsies: „We must find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you.“ FARMER.

P. 15, l. 22. — *above heat* — i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree.

STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 6. — *like a sheriff's post*,] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon, by way of publication. So, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

„— put off

„To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the
Shrives posts.“

So again in the old play called *Lingua*:

„Knows he how to become a scarlet gown? hath he a pair of fresh *posts* at his door? WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that „by this post is meant a post to mount a horse from, a horseblock, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door.“

Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632:

„If e'er I live to see thee *sheriff* of London,
„I'll gild thy painted *posts* cum privilegio.“

STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 16. A *codling* anciently meant an *immature apple*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

„What is it, Dol?

„A fine young *quodling*.“

The fruit at present styled a *codling*, was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 2. *Comptible* for ready to call to account. WARBURTON.

Viola seems to mean just the contrary. She begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 26. *If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief:*] The sense evidently requires that we should read,

If you *be mad*, be gone, etc.

For the words *be mad*, in the first part of the sentence, are opposed to *reason* in the second.

M. MASON.

P. 17, l. 29. — *skipping* —] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 31. To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.

STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 32. *Some mollification for your giant, sweet Lady.*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by

giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 34. 35. *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.] These words (which in the old copy are part of Viola's last speech) must be divided between the two speakers.

Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, *Tell me your mind*. The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclination*, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, *I am a messenger*. WARBURTON.

As a messenger, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer. M. MASON.

P. 18, l. 31. *Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?*] This is nonsense. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expression an air of gallantry. Viola presses to see Olivia's face: The other at length pulls off her veil, and says: *We will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture*. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow: jocularly intimating, that she *painted*. The other, vexed at the jest, says, „*Excellently done*, if God *did* all.“ Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent face. 'Tis in grain, etc. replies Olivia.

WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with this emendation. We may read, „Such a one I was. This *presence*, is't not well done?“ i. e. this mien, is it not happily represented? Similar phraseology occurs in *Othello*: — „This fortification, shall we see it?“

STEEVENS.

This passage is nonsense as it stands, and necessarily requires some amendment. That proposed by Warburton would make sense of it; but then the allusion to a picture would be dropped, which began in the preceding part of the speech, and is carried on through those that follow. If we read *presents*, instead of *present*, this allusion will be preserved, and the meaning will be clear. I have no doubt but the line should run thus:

„Look you, Sir, such *as once* I was,
this *presents*.“

Presents means *represents*. So Hamlet calls the pictures he shews his mother:

„The counterfeit *presentment* of two brothers.“

She had said before — „But we will draw the curtain, and shew you the *picture*;“ and concludes with asking him, if it was *well done*. The same idea occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Pandarus, taking off her veil, says:

„Come draw this curtain, and let us see your
picture.“

M. MASON.

I suspect, the author intended that Olivia should again cover her face with her veil, before she speaks these words. MALONE.

P. 18, last l. 'Tis beauty truly *blent*, i. e. blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 11. Were you sent hither to *praise me?*] i. e. to *appraise*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventoried*,

shew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: „I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*.“

MALONE.

Malone's conjecture is ingenious, and I should have thought it the true reading, if the foregoing words, *schedule* and *inventoried*, had been used by Viola: but as it is Olivia herself who makes use of them, I believe the old reading is right, though Steevens has adopted that of Malone. Viola has extolled her beauty so highly, that Olivia asks, whether she was sent there on purpose to praise her. M. MASON.

P. 19, l. 19. *With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:

„Jove thunder'd out a sigh;“ STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 24. *In voices well divulg'd, —*] Well spoken of by the world. MALONE.

P. 19, last but one l. *Write loyal cantons of contemned love,*] The old copy has *cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*. — There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. MALONE.

P. 20, first l. — *reverberate —*] I have corrected, *reverberant*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unnecessary. STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his Dictionary, adopted Theobald's correction. But the following line from *T. Heywood's Troja Britannica*, 1609, canto 11. st. ix. shows that the original text should be preserved:

„Give shrill *reverberat echoes* and rebounds.“

HOLT WHITE.

P. 20, l. 2. *And make the babbling gossip of the air*] A most beautiful expression for an *echa*.

DOUCE.

P. 20, l. 14. *Post*, in our author's time, signified a messenger. MALONE.

P. 20, l. 24. *Unless the master were the man.*] Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time. MALONE.

Perhaps she means to check herself by observing, — This is unbecoming forwardness on my part, *unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man.* STEEVENS.

P. 20, last but one l. *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right: the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

P. 21, first l. *Desire him not to flatter with his lord,*] This was the phraseology of the time. So, in *King Richard II*:

„Shall dying men flatter *with* those that live.“

Many more instances might be added. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 6. 7. — *and fear to find*

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is evidently wrong. It would be strange indeed if Olivia

should say, that she feared her eyes would betray her passion, and flatter the youth, without her consent, with a discovery of her love, after she had actually sent him a ring, which must have discovered her passion more strongly, and was sent for that very purpose. — The true meaning appears to me to be thus: — *She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.* She had just before said:

„Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
 „With an invisible and subtle stealth,
 „To creep in at mine eyes.“

which confirms my explanation of this passage.

M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 3. *Ourselves we do not owe:*] i. e. we are not our own masters. We cannot govern ourselves. STEEVENS.

P. 21, last but one l. — *to express myself.*] That is, *to reveal myself.* JOHNSON.

P. 22, first l. — *of Messaline,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 6. — *the breach of the sea,* i. e. what we now call the *breaking* of the sea. In *Pericles* it is styled — „the rupture of the sea.“

STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 11. — *with such estimable wonder,*] These words Dr. Warburton calls *an interpolation*

of the players, but what did the players gain by it? they may be sometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a speech only to make it longer. Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

Thus Milton uses *unexpressive* notes, for *unexpressible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 14. — *she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water,*] There is a resemblance between this and another false thought in *Hamlet*:

„Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
„And therefore I forbid my tears.“ STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 24. — *her eyes had lost her tongue,*] We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue lost her eyes, her tongue was talking of the Duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

It rather means that the very fixed and eager view she took of Viola, perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly. This construction of the verb — *lost*, is also much in Shakspeare's manner. DOUCE.

P. 23, l. 32. — *the pregnant enemy* — is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

„How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!“

STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 33. 34. *How easy is it, for the proper - false*

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!]

This is obscure. The meaning is, *how easy is disguise to women!* how easily does *their own falshood*, contained in their *waxen* changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances! The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus:

„*For such as we are made, if such we be,*
 „*Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.*“

JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is just. Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false* (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women? — The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:

„This Ludovico is a *proper* man.“ *Othello*.

To *set their forms*, means to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

This passage, according to Johnson's explanation of it, is so severe a satire upon women, that it is unnatural to suppose that Shakspeare should put it in the mouth of one of the sex, especially a young one. Nor do I think that the words can possibly express the sense which he contends for. Steevens's explanation appears to be the true one. The word *proper* certainly means *handsome*; and Viola's reflection, how easy it was for those who are handsome and deceitful, to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural senti-

sentiment for a girl to utter who was herself in love. M. MASON.

P. 24, l. 3. To *fadge*, is to suit, to fit.

STEEVENSON.

P. 24, l. 25. and fol. *Do not our lives consist of the four elements? etc. etc.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame.

WARBURTON.

P. 24, l. 29. A *stoop*, cadus, à *stoppa*, Belgis, *stoop*. Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 111. In Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee stoopen*. A *stoop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a Catalogue of the rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there, 4to. 1701, is „The bladder of a man containing four *stoop* (which is something above two English gallons) of water.“ REED.

P. 24, last l. *Did you never see the picture of we three?*] An allusion to an old print, sometimes pasted on the wall of a country ale-house, representing two, but under which the spectator reads —

„*We three* are asses.“ HENLEY.

I believe Shakspeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it: „*We three* loggerheads be.“ The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third. The clown means to insinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himself.

MALONE.

P. 25, l. 3. *Breast*, voice. *Breath* has been here proposed: but many instances may be brought

to justify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9: „Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed,“ etc. that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes' *Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 123: „Singing-men well-*breasted*.“ In Tusser's *Husbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. Short:

„The better *brest*, the lesser rest,

„To serve the queer now there now heere.“

Tusser, in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford-castle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs.

T. WARTON.

B. Jonson uses the word *breast* in the same manner. I suppose this cant term to have been current among the musicians of the age. All professions have in some degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal science, and the less consequential to the general interests of life, the more they strive to hide themselves behind affected terms and barbarous phraseology. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 9. I sent thee six-pence for thy *leman*;] The old copy reads — *lemon*. But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly mistaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have restored *leman*, i. e. I sent thee six-pence to spend on thy mistress.

THEOBALD.

I receive Theobald's emendation, because it throws a light on the obscurity of the following speech.

Leman is frequently used by the ancient writers, and Spenser in particular.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. We have still „*Leman-street*,“ in Goodman's-fields. He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (says he) *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock*, i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses*, i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 10. *I did impeticos thy gratillity;*] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read — *I did impeticoat thy gratuity*. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand.

JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *K. Henry IV. P. I.* sufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of *ideots*, for a reason which I avoid to offer.

STEEVENS.

It is a very gross mistake to imagine that this character was habited like an *ideot*. Neither he nor *Touchstone*, though they wear a particoloured dress, has either *coxcomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the *Fool* in *King Lear*, nor even, I think, with the one in

All's Well that Ends Well. — *A Dissertation on the Fools of Shakspeare*, a character he has most judiciously varied and discriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays.

RITSON.

The old copy reads — „I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*.“ The meaning, I think, is, I did *impeticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*; but the reading of the old copy should not, in my opinion, be here disturbed. The clown uses the same kind of fantastick language elsewhere in this scene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. MALONE.

P. 25, l. 19. *Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or *a song of good life*?] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the Clown means a song of a *moral turn*; though Sir Andrew answers to it in that signification. *Good life*, I believe, is *harmless mirth and jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*.

STEEVENS.

From the opposition of the words in the Clown's question, I incline to think that *good life* is here used in its usual acceptation. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, these words are used for a virtuous character. MALONE.

P. 26, first l. *In delay there lies no plenty*;] No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more.

STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 2. *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty*,] This line is obscure; we might read:

Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty,

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*,

whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNSON.

P. 26, l. 9. — Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: „Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?“ — Why, he says, *three souls*, is because he is speaking of a catch of *three parts*; and the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his *Poetaster*: „What, will I turn shark upon my friends? or my friends? friends? I scorn it with my three souls.“ By the mention of these *three*, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakspeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of musick, which the ancients speak of, when they tell us of Amphion, who moved *stones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *savage beasts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleased, the *passions of his human auditors*. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, „*vegetative*, *sensitive*, and *reasonable*.“

FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any allusion to this division of souls. Dr. Warburton's

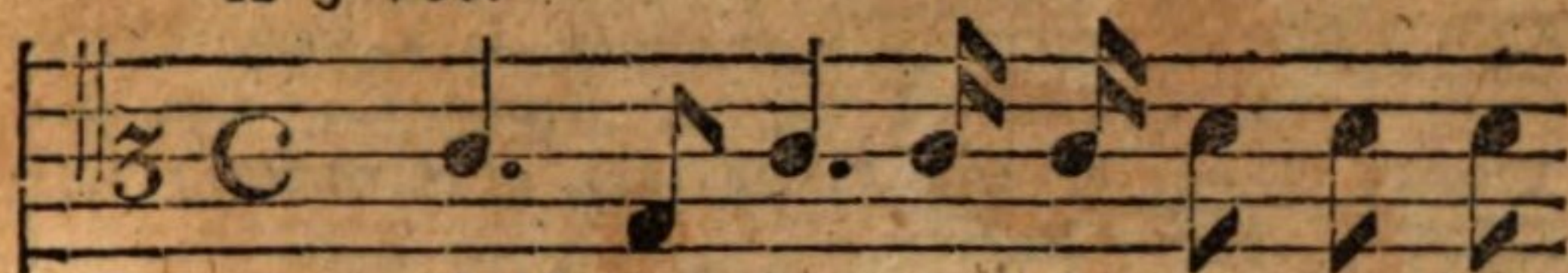
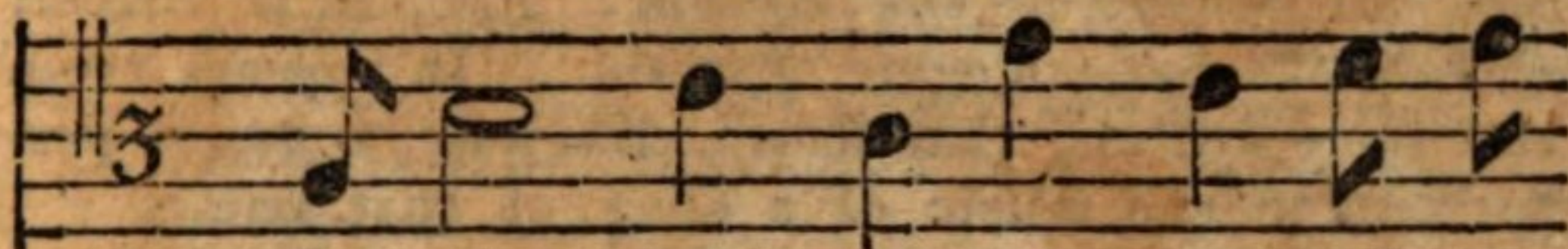
supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

P. 26, l. 24. *They sing a Catch.*] This catch is lost. JOHNSON.

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons; and is so contrived, that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canons in the unison*; and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words, „What need we fear the Pope?“ another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes, with the words, „The devil.“

The *catch* above-mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to call him *knave*. I have here subjoined the very catch, with the musical notes to which it was sung in the time of Shakspeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy:

A 5 voc.

Hold thy peace and I pree thee hold
?

3d 2d

thy peace Thon knave, thou knave: hold



thy peace thou

knave:

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows. There is extant a book entitled, „PAMMELIA, Musickes Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful catches of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10 parts in one.“ Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1609, a second part of this book was published with the title of DEUTEROMELIA, and in this book is contained the catch above given. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 26, l. 30. — *a Cataian,*] It is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. I have already attempted to explain it in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. I find it used again in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D' Avenant, 1649:

„Hang him, bold *Cataian*.“ STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 31. — *a Peg-a-Ramsey.*] In Durefey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsey*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsey* among several other ballads, viz. *Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the flowers of the Broom, Pepper is Black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramsie*. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name.

STEEVENS.

Peggy Ramsey, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramsey.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 26, l. 31. *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song. STEEVENS.

This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect, is the following:

„The wise men were but seaven, nor more shall be for me;

„The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;

„And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.

„The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;

„The Caesars they were twelve, and the fatal sisters three.

„And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee.“

There are ale-houses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of *The Three Merry Boys*; there was one as Highgate in my memory. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. TYRWHITT.

P. 26, l. 33. *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth.

JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*; and is likewise a character in a comedy intitled *Lady Alimony*. *Tillie-vallie* may be a corruption of the Roman word (without a precise meaning, but indicative of contempt) *Titivilitium*. See the *Casina* of Plautus, 2. 5. 39. STEEVENS.

Tilly-valley is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. In the *Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux*, 1585, 4to. fo. 12. the following cry is men-

tioned: „Ty a hillant et vallecye;“ and is set to music in pp. 49 and 50. DOUCE.

P. 26, l. 33. *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*] The ballad of *Susanna*, whence this line is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The goodly and constant wyfe Susanna*. There is likewise a play on this subject. T. WARTON.

Maria's use of the word *lady* brings the ballad to Sir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv.

FARMER.

This song, or, at least, one with the same *burthen*, is alluded to in B. Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, Vol. IV. p. 449. TYRWHITT.

The oldest song that I have seen with this *burthen* is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treasure*, 4to. 1567. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 12. A *cozier* is a tailor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. A *cozier*, it appears from Minshieu, signified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobbler. — Here it means the former. MALONE.

Minshieu tells us, that *cozier* is a cobbler or sowter: and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobbler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's end*. WHALLEY.

A *coziers' end* is still used in Devonshire for a cobbler's end. HENLEY.

P. 27, l. 16. — *Sneck up!*] Mr. Malone and others observe, that from the manner in which this cant phrase is employed in our ancient comedies, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression — *Go hang yourself*. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 24. *Farewel, dear heart, etc.*] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

P. 28, first l. *Out o' time?*] The old copy has — „out o'tune.“ We should read, „out of time,“ as his speech evidently refers to what Malvolio said before.

In the Mss. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vice versâ*. Hence, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. edit. 1623, we have „This *time*, goes manly,“ instead of „This *tune* goes manly.“

MALONE.

P. 28, l. 3. — there shall be no more *cakes* and *ale*?] It was the custom on holidays and saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this, superstition; and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio* is sometimes a kind of *Puritan*. See, Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, Act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. LETHERLAND.

P. 28, l. 8. — *rub your chain with crums:*] That stewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

„Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain*?“ —

The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crums. Nash, in his piece entitled, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with „having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain, at his lord's installing at Windsor.

To conclude with the most apposite instance of all. See, Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

„Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scouer his gold chain.“ STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 11. *Rule* is method of life; so *misrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common *method of life*. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: „I have some cousins-german at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the King's revels, or else be lord of his *Misrule* now at Christmas.“ Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: „We are fully bent to be lords of *Misrule* in the world's wild heath.“ In the country, at all periods of festivity, and in the inns of court at their *Revels*, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 25. A *nayword* is what has been since called a *byeword*, a kind of proverbial reproach.

STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 29. *Possess us*, that is, *inform us*, *tell us*, make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

P. 29, l. 4. *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in *Hamlet* — „no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*,“ i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 6. A *swarth* is as much grass as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe.

STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 26. *Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for *Sir Andrew*. It should be given, I believe, to *Sir Toby*; as well as the next short speech: *O, 'twill be admirable.* *Sir Andrew* does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. TYRWHITT.

P. 29, last l. *Penthesilea.*] i. e. Amazon.

STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 9. *Sir To.* Send for money, Knight;] *Sir Toby*, in this instance, exhibits a trait of Iago: — „Put money in thy Purse.“ STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 10, — call me *Cut.*] This term of contempt, perhaps, signifies only — call me — *gelding*.

STEEVENS.

Curtal, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 24. — *recollected* —] Studied.

WARBURTON.

I rather think, that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.

P. 31, l. 7. 8. *It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.*] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

„My bosom's lord [i. e. *Love*] sits lightly on his throne.“

The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has observed,) „It is so consonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again.“ MALONE.

P. 31, l. 13. The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.

Favour, in the preceding speech, signifies countenance. STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 24. Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir T. Hamner. JOHNSON.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* signifies, *consumed, worn out*. MALONE.

P. 32, l. 3. — *free* — perhaps *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind*. JOHNSON.

I rather think, that *free* means here — not having yet surrendered their liberty to man; — unmarried. MALONE.

Is not *free*, unreserved, uncontrolled by the restraints of female delicacy, forward, and such as sing *plain* songs? HENLEY.

The precise meaning of this epithet cannot very easily be pointed out. As Mr. Warton observes, on another occasion, — „*fair and free*“ are words often paired together in metrical romances. Chaucer, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and many other poets employ the epithet *free*, with little certainty of meaning. *Free*, in the instance before us, may commodiously signify, *artless, free from art, uninfluenced by artificial manners, undirected by false refinement in their choice of ditties*. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 5. — *it is silly sooth*, it is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

P. 32, l. 6. To *dally* is to play, to trifle. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 7. The *old age* is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

P. 32, l. 12. — *in sad cypress* — i. e. in a shroud of *cypress* or *cyprus*. There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is still black and white *crape*; and ancient shrouds were always made of the latter. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 17. 18. *My part of death no one so true
Did share it.]* Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I. JOHNSON.

P. 33, l. 2. — a very *opal!*] A precious stone of almost all colours. POPE.

The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. STEEVENS.

P. 33, l. 4. — that their business might be every thing, *and their intent every where:*] Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read, — *and their intent no where*. Because a man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any *intent*; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of *making a good voyage* of nothing, directs to this emendation. WARBURTON.

An *intent every where*, is much the same as an *intent no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

The present reading is preferable to Warburton's amendment. We cannot accuse a man of inconstancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whose intents are every where; that is, are continually varying. M. MASON.

P. 33, l. 15. 16. What is *that miracle*, *and Queen of gems?* we are not told in this read-

ing. Besides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle*? — We should read:

*But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of gems,
That nature pranks, her mind, —*

i. e. what *attracts my soul*, is not her fortune, but *her mind, that miracle and Queen of gems that nature pranks*, i. e. sets out, adorns.

WARBURTON.

The *miracle and Queen of gems* is her *beauty*, which the commentator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature, it must be *pranked* by education.

Shakspeare does not say that *nature pranks her in a miracle*, but *in the miracle of gems*, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful.

JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon*. HEATH.

P. 33, l. 24. and fol. The Duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was but a few minutes before, that he said they had more constancy in love than men. M. MASON.

P. 34, l. 9. *Thought* formerly signified *melancholy*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone says, *thought* means *melancholy*. But why wrest from this word its plain and usual acceptation, and make Shakspeare guilty of tautology? for in the very next line he uses „*Melancholy*.“ DOUCE.

P. 34, l. 10. 11. 12. *And, with a green and
yellow melancholy,*

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. —] Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

„*And*

„And her besidis wonder discreetlie
 „Dame patience ysitting there I fonde
 „With face pale, upon a hill of sonde.“

And adds: „If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the green and yellow melancholy transcend the old bard's pale face; the monument his hill of sand.“ — I hope this critic does not imagine Shakspeare meant to give us a picture of the face of *patience*, by his green and yellow melancholy; because, he says, it transcends the pale face of *patience*, given us by Chaucer. To throw *patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The green and yellow then belonged not to *patience*, but to her who sat like *patience*. To give *patience* a pale face was proper: and had Shakspeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakspeare is speaking of a marble statue of *patience*; Chaucer of *patience* herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to *patience* exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *patience on a monument*. The old bard, speaking of *patience* herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as sitting on a hill of sand, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention

was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand.

WARBURTON.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, Shakspeare's hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only.

„— thou [*Marina*] dost look

„Like Patience, gazing on Kings' graves, and
smiling

„Extremity out of act.“ FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

„So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn
his woes.“

In the passage in the text, our author perhaps meant to personify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE; for we can scarcely understand „at grief“ to mean „in grief,“ as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Shakspeare might have borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument on which these two figures were represented.

MALONE.

I am unwilling to suppose a monumental image of *Patience* was ever confronted by an emblematical figure of *Grief*, on purpose that one might fit and smile at the other; because such a representation might be considered as a satire on human insensibility. When *Patience* smiles, it is to express a christian triumph over the common cause of sorrow, a cause, of which the sarcophagus, near her station, ought very sufficiently to remind her. True *Patience*, when it is *her cue* to smile over calamity, knows her office without

a prompter; knows that stubborn lamentation displays *a will most incorrect to heaven*; and therefore appears content with one of its severest dispensations, the loss of a relation or a friend. Ancient tombs, indeed (if we must construe *grief* into *grievance*, and Shakspeare has certainly used the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceased, and over these an image of *Patience*, without impropriety, might express a smile of complacence:

„Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
 „With calm submission lift the adoring eye
 „Even to the storm that wrecks her.“

STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 16. 17. *Duke*. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viol. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; —] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*; she (who passed for a man) saying she was all the daughters of her father's house. WARBURTON.

Such another equivoque occurs in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: „— my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister.“

STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 22. *Denay*, is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed: so, p. 620: „— the state of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him.“ STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 9. — *my nettle of India?* —] The poet must here mean a zoophite, called

the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 18. — for here comes the *trout* that must be caught with tickling.] Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595, will prove an able commentator on this passage: „This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer it selfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken. Whose example I would wish no maides to follow, least they repent afterclaps.“ STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 30. To *jet* is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 5. — the lady of the *strachy* —] We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville says: „As Trachye and Macedoigne, of the which *Alexandre was Kyng*.“ It was common to use the article *the* before names of places: and this was no improper instance, where the scene was in Illyria. WARBURTON.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

Straccio (see Torriano's and Altieri's dictionaries) signifies *clouts* and *tatters*: and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dictionary, says that *straccio* was pronounced *stratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakspeare's meaning was this, that the lady of the Queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the King's, who was vastly inferior to her. SMITH.

Such is Mr. Smith's note; but it does not appear that *strachy* was ever an English word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any use on the present occasion.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read — *starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In *Harsnet's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with „a yeoman of the *sprucery*;“ i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Household Book*, *nursery* is spelt *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *starchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen may be significantly opposed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. „Her usual price (says Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings how to seeth *starch*.“ The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The world toss'd at Tennis*, no date, by Middleton and Rowley; where *straches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage.

STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a ginger-bread woman is called *lady of the basket*. — The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *starchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakspeare calls a very „heavy declension.“ In the old copy the word

is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place, *Strachy*.

The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper designation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakspeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: „*Vestiario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*.”

MALONE.

P. 36, l. 8. — look, how imagination *blows him*.] i. e. puffs him up. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 10. A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 11. — a *stone bow*, that is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

P. 36, l. 13. — a *day-bed*, i. e. a couch.

STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 25. — *wind up my watch*,] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England, about the year 1530. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 26. *court'sies there to me*:] From this passage one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'sy* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, p. 4, it is said, „The pulpett being sett at the nether end of the Earl of Warwick's tombe in the said quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier my lord made *lowe curte-*

sie to the French King's armes." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his Life, speaking of dancing, recommends that accomplishment to youth, „that he may know how to come in and go out of a room where company is, how to make *courtesies* handsomely, according to the several degress of persons he shall encounter." REED.

P. 36, l. 28. *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars*, i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is: *Though our silence be drawn from us with carts, yet peace.* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says: „*I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me.*" So, in this play: „*Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.*" JONNSON.

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning. STEEVENS.

If I were to suggest a word in the place of *cars*, which I think is a corruption, it should be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. TYRWHITT.

Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and thence into English ones, long before any professed version of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* had appeared. I meet with a story similar to that of *Alnaschar*, in *The Dialoges of Creatures Morallysed*, bl. l. no date, but probably printed abroad.

STEEVENS.

P. 37, l. 12. *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech — *What's to do here.* WARBURTON.

P. 37, l. 18. — these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thut makes she her great P's.] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.

STEEVENS.

From the usual custom of Shakspeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus: — „To the Unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with Care Present.“ RITSON.

P. 37, l. 25. — *wax.* — *Soft!* —] It was the custom in our poet's time to seal letters with soft wax, which retained its softness for a good while. The wax used at present would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter.

MALONE.

I do not suppose that — *Soft!* has any reference to the wax; but is merely an exclamation equivalent to *Softly?* i. e. be not in too much haste. I may also observe, that though it was anciently the custom (as it still is) to seal certain legal instruments with soft and pliable wax, familiar letters (of which I have seen specimens from the time of K. Henry VI. to K. James I) were secured with wax as glossy and firm as that employed in the present year. STEEVENS.

P. 38, first l. Marry, hang thee, *brock!* i. e. badger. He uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said, *hang thee, cur! Out filth!* to stink like a *brock* being proverbial. RITSON.

Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou overweening rogue! *Brock*, which properly signifies a badger, was used in this sense in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

P. 38, l. 11. *And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!]* *Stannyl* is the name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

To *check*, says Latham, in his book of Falconry, is, „when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them.“ The *stannyl* is the common stone hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *stanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 15. *Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.]* i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not dis-arranged, or out of form. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 22. *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. A *sowter* was a cobbler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is — This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so gross that any one else would find it out. Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

P. 38, l. 23. — *though it be as rank as a fox.]* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, „not as rank.“ The other editions, *though it be as rank*, etc.

JOHNSON.

P. 38, l. 31. *And O shall end, I hope]* By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*.

JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*, in disappointment. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

„Why should you fall into so deep an O?“

STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 12. *Be opposite* — that is, be *adverse*, *hostile*. An *opposite* in the language of our author's age, meant an *adversary*. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 16. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled *The World Toss'd at Tennis*, no date, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority, *Yellow starch* says to white:

„— since she cannot

„Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet she
shows

„Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow*
hose.“

The yeomen attending the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Queen Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1531, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings*. The book from which I gather this information was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 23. 24. — *The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more:*] We should read — „*The fortunate, and happy. — Day-light and champion discovers not more:* i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. WARBURTON.

The folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, *the fortunate-unhappy*, and so I have printed it. *The fortunate-unhappy* is the subscription of the letter. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 27. — *I will be point-de-vice, the very man.*] This phrase is of French extraction — *a points-deviser*. Chaucer uses it in the *Romaunt of the Rose*:

„Her nose was wrought at *point-device*.”

i. e. with the utmost possible *exactness*.

STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 9. 10. *Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to *Sir Robert Shirley*, who was just returned in the character of *ambassador from the Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor. STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 20. *Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, —*] The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at *tables*, or *draughts*: „There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *King* sweep suddenly.” *Cecil's Correspondence*, Lett. X. p. 156. Ben Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mumchance*. *Alchemist*, Act V. sc. iv.

TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may be established by a reference to *Machiavel's Dogge*, a satire, 4to. 1617. REED.

P. 40, l. 23. — *aqua-vitae* — the old name of *strong waters*. JOHNSON.

P. 40, l. 32. — and *cross garter'd*, —] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, presents him as more

upright than any *crosse-garter'd* gentleman-usher. FARMER.

P. 41, l. 11. 12. *Vio.* — Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.] The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes Viola's meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *sign of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a music shop. STEEVENS.

It was likewise the sign of an eating house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 17. *Lies* here, as in many other places in old books, signifies — *dwells, sojourns.*

MALONE.

P. 41, l. 22. — *a cheveril glove* — i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 14. 15. *And, like the haggard, check at every feather*

That comes before his eye. —] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

Not like the haggard.

He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unre-

claimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 18. But wise men, *folly-fallen*, quite taint their wit.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly shewn*. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads, *But wise men's folly falne*, quite taint *their* wit. Whence I should conjecture, that Shakspeare possibly wrote:

*But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint
their wit.*

i. e. wise men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The sense is: *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion*. HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he shews with proper adaption to persons and times, is *fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious emendation. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 30. — *is the list* — is the *bound*, *limit*, *farthest point*. JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 31. *Taste your legs*, —] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastic use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, and in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

„A climbing tow'r that did not *taste* the wind.“

STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 3. — *But we are prevented*. — i. e. our purpose is anticipated. So, in the 119th Psalm:

„Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches.“

STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 10. *Pregnant* for ready; as in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchsafed for *vouchsafing*. MALONE.

P. 44, l. 12. — *all three ready*. —] The old copy has — *all three already*. Mr. Malone reads — „all three *all ready*.“ STEEVENS.

The editor of the third folio reformed the passage by reading only — *ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Praeferatur lectio brevior, is a well known rule of criticism; and in the present instance I must willingly follow it, omitting the useless repetition — *all*. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 4. After the last enchantment you did *here*,] The old copy reads — *heare*.

STEEVENS.

Nonsense. Read and point it thus:

After the last enchantment you did here,
i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked
in my affections. WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment, the reading, „you did *here*,“ though it may not perhaps be absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage, is evidently right. Olivia could not speak of her sending him a ring, as a matter he did not know except by hearsay; for the ring was absolutely delivered to him. It would, besides, be impossible to know what Olivia meant by *the last enchantment*, if she had not explained it herself, by saying — „the last enchantment *you did here*.“ There is not, perhaps, a passage in Shakspeare,

where so great an improvement of the sense is gained by changing a single letter. M. MASON.

The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the last line of *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1613:

„That she may long live *heare*, God say amen.“
I could add twenty other instances, were they necessary. Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here* is constantly written *heare*. Let me add, that Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent (if even such an expression as — „After the last enchantment, you did *heare*,“ were admissible;) she had *seen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

P. 45, l. 13. *To one of your receiving* — i. e. to one of your *ready apprehension*. She considers him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

P. 45, l. 15. — *a cyprus*, — transparent stuff.

JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 19. — *a grise*; — is a *step*, sometimes written *greese* from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 19. for 'tis *a vulgar proof*, that is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day shews that, etc. MALONE.

P. 45, l. 32 — *westward-hoe*:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by *the children of Paul's*, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself. STEEVENS.

P. 46, l. 19. — *maugre* — i. e. in spite of.

STEEVENS.

P. 46, l. 28. 29. *I have one heart, one bosom,
and one truth,*

And that no woman has; —] And that
heart and bosom I have never yielded to any
woman. JOHNSON.

P. 46, l. 30. — *save I alone.*] These three
words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia proba-
bly enough. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 3. The *Brownists* were so called from
Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted separatist in Queen
Elizabeth's reign. Strype, in his life of Whitgift,
p. 323, informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589,
„went off from the separation, and came into the
communion of the church.“

This *Browne* was descended from an ancient
and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grand-
father Francis, had a charter granted him by H.
Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament;
giving him leave „to put on his hat in the pre-
sence of the King, or his heirs, or any lord
spiritual or temporal in the land; and not to
put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure.“
Neal's History of New-England, Vol. I. p. 58.

GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author,
to have been the constant object of popular satire.

P. 48, l. 15. 16. *Martial hand*, seems to be a
careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neg-
lect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A
curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation
snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 15 — 24. There is no doubt, I think,
but this passage is one of those in which our
author intended so shew his respect for Sir Wal-
ter Raleigh, and a detestation of the virulence of
his prosecutors. The words quoted, seem to me
directly

directly levelled at the Attorney - general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions: — „*All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traytor!*“ (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three thou's*) „*You are an odious man.*“ — „*Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*“ — „*O damnable atheist.*“ — „*Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart.*“ — „*Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell.*“ — „*Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traytor that ever came at a bar,*“ etc. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satirically prescribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakspeare had of these petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech: *Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou write it with a goose - pen, no matter.* — A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a supposed traytor!

THEOBALD.

The resentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus, in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers.* Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607: „*Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will care fully put in execution the statute against vagrants; since the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole lesse pestered than before. The abuse of stage - players wherewith I find the*

country much troubled, may easily be reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore, if by your willingness they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them." STEEVENS.

Though I think it probable Lord Coke might have been in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the above passage, yet it is by no means certain. It ought to be observed, that the conduct of that great lawyer, bad as it was on this occasion, received too much countenance from the practice of his predecessors, both at the bar and on the bench. The *State Trials* will shew, to the disgrace of the profession, that many other criminals were THOU'D by their prosecutors and judges, besides Sir Walter Raleigh. In Knox's *History of the Reformation*, are eighteen articles exhibited against Master George Wischarde, 1546, every one of which begins — THOU *false heretick*, and sometimes with the addition of *thief, traitor, runagate*, etc. REED.

P. 48, l. 26. — *at the cubiculo:*] I believe we should read — *at thy cubiculo*. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 3. *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 6. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 23. — *my lady will strike him;*] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck

their servants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 15. *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. M. MASON.

P. 50, l. 17. Shall we go see the *reliques* of *this town*?] I suppose, Sebastian means, the *reliques* of *saints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks.

STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 26. — 'gainst the *Count his gallies*,] I suspect our author wrote — *county's gallies*, i. e. the gallies of the County, or Count; and that the transcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the present reading is conformable to the mistaken grammatical usage of the time, I have not disturbed the text. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 23. — *He says, he'll come*; i. e. I suppose now, or admit now, he says, he'll come.

WARBURTON.

P. 51, l. 24. — what bestow *on* him?] The old copy reads — „bestow of him,“ a vulgar corruption of — *on*. STEEVENS.

Of, is very commonly, in the North, still used for *on*. HENLEY.

P. 51, l. 28. *Civil*, in this instance, and some others, means only, *grave, decent, or solemn*.

STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 27. Why dost thou smile so, and *kiss thy hand so oft*?] This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. 1606, p. 6: „— and these *Flowers of Courtesie*, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formall in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences, as do betray and lay open their masters.

ignorance: and they are so frequent *with the kisse on the hand*, that word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

P. 53, l. 17. — *this is very midsummer madness.*] Hot weather often hurts the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

'Tis *midsummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's collection, signifying, you are mad.

STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 33. *Opposite*, here, as in many other places, means — *adverse, hostile*. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 5. *I have limed her;*] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

P. 54, l. 7. — *Fellow!* — This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

P. 55, l. 19. *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says: „You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 20. *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that R. Greene at the conclusion of his *Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has published what he calls, *A pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*.

JOHNSON.

P. 56, l. 8. — and crown thee for a *finder of madmen*.] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy. JOHNSON.

If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgement, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgement, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also inquests are held for the *finding of madmen*. MALONE.

Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*. It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profession, which was most certainly the case with *witch-finders*. RITSON.

P. 56, l. 11. More matter for a *May morning*.] It was usual on the first of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 2. 3. *He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, —*] We may read — *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare, in this, and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. JOHNSON.

The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing.

The same idea occurs in *Henry V.* where Mrs. Quickly, giving an account of poor Falstaff's dissolution, says; „How I, to comfort him, bid him not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.“

M. MASON.

P. 57, l. 14. — swear *horrible*:] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 12. Here, wear this *jewel* for me, 'tis my picture;] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single *gem*, but any precious ornament or superfluity. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 11. — with *unhack'd* rapier,] The modern editors read — *unhack'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, [to hack, hew, etc.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term. — Perhaps we ought to read — with *an hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

P. 59, l. 11. 12. *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration*;] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In *Francis Markham's Booke of Honour*, fo. 1625, p. 71, we have the following account of

Carpet Knights. „Next unto these (i. e. those he distinguishes by the title of *Dunghill* or *Truck Knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie, (for these are truly for the most part virtuous and worthie) is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the imposition or laying on of the King's sword, having by some special service done to the commonwealth, or for some other particular virtues made known to the soveraigne, as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved this great title and dignitie.“ He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred; and adds — „those of the vulgar or common sort are called *Carpet Knights*, because (for the most part) they receive their honour from the King's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*, and such like ornaments belonging to the King's state and greatnesse; which howsoever a curious envie may wrest to an ill sense, yet questionlesse there is no shadow of disgrace belonging unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatsoever, and the services and merits for which it is received, as worthy and well deserving both of the King and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witnesse.“ REED.

Greene uses the term *Carpet-knights* in contempt of those of whom he is speaking. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 16. — *hob, nob, —*] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would*, *will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of change. See Johnson's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

Is not this the origin of our *hob nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner? M. MASON.

P. 59, l. 29. *Meddle* is here perhaps used in the same sense as the French *mêlée*. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 13. and fol. Shakspeare might have caught a hint for this scene from Ben Jonson's *Silent woman*, which was printed in 1609. The behaviour of Viola and Ague-cheek appears to have been formed on that of Sir John Daw, and Sir Amorous La Foole. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 19. *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of a woman with the prowess of man. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads — *firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

Why may not the meaning be more simple, „I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?“ MALONE.

P. 60, l. 21. The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 22. — *he pays you* — i. e. hits you, does for you. STEEVENS.

P. 61, l. 6. *He is as horribly conceited of him*; — that is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 21. — *by the duello* — i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

P. 62, first l. Nay, if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you.] But why was an *undertaker* so offensive a character? I believe this is *a touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the King had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the House of Commons, to carry things according to his Majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the King thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly is another question) that there had been any such *undertaking*. *Parl. Hist.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then Attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the House of Commons upon the same subject; *when the house* (according to the title of the speech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers*. Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 236, 4to. edit. TYRWHITT.

Undertakers were persons employed by the King's purveyors to take up provisions for the royal household, and were no doubt exceedingly odious. But still, I think, the speaker intends a quibble; the simple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or business of another. RITSON.

P. 63, l. 28. 29. — but the beauteous - evil

Are empty *trunks*, o'erflourish'd by the devil.] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in

which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, etc. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 34 — 36. *That he believes himself: so do not I, etc.]* This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

P. 64, l. 4. 5. — *I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; —]* I suppose Viola means — *As often as I behold myself in my glass, I think I see my brother alive; i. e. I acknowledge that his resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure.* STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 10. *Vent my folly!]* This affected word seems to have been in use in Shakspeare's time. In *Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 198, we have „My Lord Lindsay *vented* himself that he was one of the number,“ etc. REED.

P. 65, l. 12. *I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney]* That is affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 13. — *a cockney.]* So, in *A Knight's Conjuring*, by Decker: „— 'tis not their fault, but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour make us to be called *Cockneys*, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 17. *Greek,* was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians,

which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IV*. Yet the Oxford editor alters it to *Geck*.

WARBURTON.

P. 65, l. 21. 22. — *These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.*] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

Perhaps *fourteen years' purchase* was in Shakspeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions *sixteen years purchase*. „I will not give more than according to *fifteen years purchase*, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven.“ TOLLET.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, „— purchase a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price.“ MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture that there is here a reference to *monopolies*, is, I believe, unfounded. Mr. Tollet and Mr. Heath are probably right. Sir Josiah Child, in his *Discourse on Trade*, says, „— *certainly* anno 1621, the current price of lands in England was *twelve years purchase*; and so I have been assured by many ancient men whom I have questioned particularly as to this matter; and I find it so by purchases made about that time by my own relations and acquaintance.“ Sir Thomas Culpepper, senior, who wrote in 1621, affirms, „that land was then at *twelve years purchase*.“ REED.

P. 66, l. 25. *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the King. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 28. — *botch'd up,*] A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily.

JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 31. *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts; or, as the ancients expressed it, half my heart.*

JOHNSON.

The equivoque suggested by Dr. Johnsons was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *hart*; and Shakspeare delights in playing on these words. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 32. *What relish is in this? —*] How does this taste? What judgement am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 12. — *dissemble myself —* i. e. disguise myself. MALONE.

Shakspeare has here stumbled on a Latinism: Thus Ovid, speaking of Achilles:

„Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat.

STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 14. I am not *tall* enough to become the function well;] This cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the description of *a careful man*. I should have no objection to read — *pale*. TYRWHITT.

Not tall enough, perhaps means *not of sufficient height to overlook a pulpit*.

Dr. Farmer would read *fat* instead of *tall*, the former of these epithets, in his opinion, being referable to the following words — *a good housekeeper*. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 18. — *a careful man, and a great scholar.*] This refers to what went before: *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student*: it is plain then Shakspeare wrote: — *as to say a graceful man*, i. e. comely. To this the Oxford editor says, *rectè*. WARBURTON.

A careful man, I believe, means a man who has such a regard for his character, as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 19. *The competitors* — that is, the confederates or associates. The word *competitor* is used in the same sense in *Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. M. MASON.

P. 67, l. 24. *That, that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex praecognitis et praeconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind.

WARBURTON.

P. 68, l. 14. — *that house* — that mansion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was confined, to exasperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

P. 68, l. 16. *A bay-window* is the same as a *bow-window*; a window in a recess, or bay.

See *A. Wood's Life*, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. STEEVENS.

See Minshew's Dict. in v. „A *bay-window*, — because it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for shippes, that is, round. L. *Cavae fenestrae*. G. Une fenestre sort anthers de la maison.“

MALONE.

P. 68, l. 29. — *any constant question*. — a settled, a determinate, a regular question.

JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *conversation*, for so generally Shakspeare uses the word *question*.

MALONE.

P. 69, l. 4. The Clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, because that bird was supposed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

P. 69, l. 3. — *I am for all waters*.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. JOHNSON.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua*. SMITH.

I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally in all waters. The equivoque suggested in the following note may, however, have been also in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and lustre of diamonds, and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious stones. I

think that Shakspeare, in this place, alludes to this sense of the word *water*, not to those adopted either by Johnson or Warburton. The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby, for personating Sir *Topas* so exquisitely; to which he replies, that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the Curate. M. MASON.

Mr. Henley has adopted the same idea; and adds, — that „the Clown in his reply plays upon the name of *Topas*, and intimates that he could sustain as well the character of any other person, let him be called by what *gem* he might.“

STEEVENS.

P. 69. l. 19. and fol. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin*, etc.] This song should certainly begin:

„Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me

„How does thy lady, do? —

„My lady is unkind, perdy. —

„Alas, why is she so? FARMER.

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of *The Merchandises of Popish Priests*, 4to. 1629, Sign. F. 2. — „there is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine. I can best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly disposed, we say this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins*.“ REED.

P. 69, l. 35. — your *five wits*?] Thus the *five senses* were anciently called. STEEVENS.

The *Wits*, Dr. Johnson some where observes, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were — „common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.“ Wit in our

author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 3. They have here property'd me;] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 11. 12. 13. Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas. — *I will, Sir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 17. — *shent* — i. e. *scolded, reproved*.
REED.

P. 70, l. 27. — *are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? —*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt.
JOHNSON.

The meaning of this passage appears to me to be this. Malvolio had assured the Clown that he was as well in his senses as any man in Illyria; and the Clown in reply, asks him this provoking question: „Is it true that you are really not mad?“ that is, that you are really in your right senses, or do you only pretend to be so? M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words, „— do you but counterfeit?“ They surely mean, „do you but counterfeit *madness*, or, in other words,“ assume the appearance of a madman, though not one.“ Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, „— are you *mad* indeed,

indeed, or do you but counterfeit?" or else, "—are you *not* not mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expressed his meaning accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters. Mr. Mason's interpretation removes the difficulty; but, considering the words that immediately precede, is very harsh, and appears to be inadmissible. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 2. The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis à vis*, which is literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 9. *Adieu, goodman drivell.*] This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates *Malvolio's* name, and says:

Adieu, goodman mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line:

Adieu, goodman drivell.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolio*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Menaechmi*, 1595, Menaechmus says to Peniculus: „Away, filthie *mad drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee.“ As I cannot suppose the author of this ballad designed that *devil* should be the corresponding rhyme to *devil*, I read with Dr. Farmer, *drivel*. STEEVENS.

I believe, with Johnson, that this is an allusion to *Malvolio's name*, but not in his reading, which destroys the metre. We should read —

Adieu, good mean-evil:

that is, *good Malvolio*, literally translated.

M. MASON.

The last two lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the *first* instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the Clown, as the words, *ah, ha!* are, as the usual address in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words „goodman *Devil*.“ We have in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: — „No *man* means evil but the *devil*;“ and in *Much ado about Nothing*, „God's a good *man*.“

The compound, *good-man*, is again used adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear*: — “Part (says Edmund to Kent and the Steward.) „With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy*, if you please.“

The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront.

MALONE.

P. 71, l. 18. — *I found this credit* — i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I

am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote:

— *and there I found this credent.*

THEOBALD.

Credit, for account, information. The Oxford editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almost every word that Shakspeare uses in an anomalous signification. WARBURTON.

Theobald proposes to read *credent*, but *credent* does not signify justified or vouched; it means probable only, as appears from the passage he himself has quoted. Warburton says, that *credit* means account or information; but as I know no instance of the word's being used in that acceptance, I believe we should read, *credited* instead of *credit*. M. MASON.

Credent is creditable, not questionable. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Angelo says:

„For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.“

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So, in the first scene of this play, *heat* for *heated*; and in *Hamlet*, *hoist* for *hoisted*. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 24. *Discourse*, for reason.

WARBURTON.

Instance is *example*. JOHNSON.

P. 71, l. 27. *To any other trust,*] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

JOHNSON.

P. 72, l. 2. — *deceivable* —] Our author licentiously uses this word for *deceptions*.

MALONE.

P. 72, l. 7. *Chantries* (says Cowel in his *Law Dictionary*) are usually little chapels, or particular altars, in some cathedral or parochial church;

and endowed with revenues for the maintenance of one or more priests, whose office it is to sing masses for the souls of their founders, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 12. *Whiles* —] is *until*. This word is still so used in the northern countries. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the *Accidence*. JOHNSON

Almost throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, *whiles* is given us instead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the first reformer of his spelling, made the change.

STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 16. *Truth is fidelity*. JOHNSON.

P. 72, l. 22. — *And heavens so shine,*] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: „*Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls.*“ STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 18. 19. — *so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,*] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor:

„— Come, let's kisse.“

Moor. „Away, away.“

Queen. „No, no, sayes, *I*; and twice away, sayes *stay*.“

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*. FARMER.

P. 74, l. 2. — *or the bells of St. Bennet,* —] That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, etc.

MALONE.

We should read — „as the bells of St. Bennet,“ etc. instead of *or*. M. MASON.

When in this play Shakspeare mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare's impropriety and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's steeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison Marius. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 21. — *scathful* —] i. e. mischievous, destructive. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 31. *Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,*] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man. JOHNSON.

P. 75, l. 3. *Dear* is *immediate, consequential*. So, in *Hamlet*:

„Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven,“ etc. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 13. *Fat* means *dull*; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

P. 76, l. 25. 26. *Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,*

Kill what I love; —] In this simile, a particular story is pre-suppos'd, which ought to be known to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's AEthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was *Thyamis*, who was a native of Memphis, and at the

head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, *when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear*, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd toward the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. THEOBALD.

P. 77, l. 26. That makes thee *strangle thy propriety*: i. e. suppress, or disown thy property.

MALONE.

P. 78, l. 4. — *by interchangement of your rings*;] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 12. *Case* is a word used contemptuously for skin. We yet talk of a *fox-case*, meaning the stuffed *skin* of a fox. JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 21. 22. *Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.*] Bailey's Dictionary says, *pavan* is the lowest sort of instrumental music; and when this play was written, the *pavin* and the *passamezzo* might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet: and hence Sir Toby

may mean — he is a rogue, and a mean low fellow. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson also mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, *Alchemist*, p. 97; [Whalley's edition] but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written *pavane* as a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name (*saltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on *Rabelais*, B. V. c. 30.

Passy measures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified.

TYRWHITT.

The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the step, in the *Orchesographia* of *Thoinet Arbeau*. Every *pavin* has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The *courant*, the *jig*, and the *hornpipe* are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a *passamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in Shakspeare's play of *Henry IV.* was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician, there

named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition; but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramatic representation of the history of *Henry IV.* it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious. — *Passy-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passa-mezzo*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

With the help of Sir John Hawkins's explanation of *passy-measure*, I think I now see the meaning of this passage. The second folio reads — *after a passy measures pavin*. — So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue, i. e. next to a passy-measure or a pavin, etc. It is in character, that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. TYRWHITT.

From what has been stated, I think, it is manifest that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunkenness they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby, in the first act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance. MALONE

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which appears to be well founded. STEEVENS.

P. 79, l. 27. 28. *Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?* I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly.

It has been hitherto printed, „Will you help an ass-head,“ etc. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself? MALONE.

As I cannot help thinking that Sir Toby, out of humour with himself, means to discharge these reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who also needs the surgeon's *help*, I have left the passage as I found it. Mr. Malone points it thus: „Will you help? An ass-head,“ etc! STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 8. A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really present. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which is *not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare meant nothing more by this *natural perspective*, than a reflection from a glass or mirror. M. MASON.

Perspective certainly means a glass used for optical delusion, or a glass generally. DOUCE.

P. 80, l. 22. *Of charity*, — i. e. out of charity, tell me, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 14. *All the occurrence of my fortune* etc.] I believe our author wrote — *occurrences*. MALONE.

P. 82, l. 8. *A most extracting frenzy of mine own*] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

P. 82, l. 17 -- 24. I am by no means certain that I understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of *The Revisal* pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the Clown begins reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Olivia asks him, *if he is mad*. No, *Madam*, says he, *I do but barely deliver the sense of*

this madman's epistle; if you would have it read as it ought to be, that is, with such a frantic accent and gesture as a madman would read it, you must allow vox, i. e. you must furnish the reader with a voice, or, in other words, read it yourself. But Mr. Malone's explanation, I think, is preferable to mine.

STEEVENS.

The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, *If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantick tone.* MALONE.

P. 82, l. 26. *So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus:]* To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

P. 83, l. 14. *One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,]* The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote:

— *an't, so please you.* HEATH.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife.

JOHNSON.

P. 83, l. 20. *So much against the mettle of your sex,]* So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many other places for *spirit*; and as *spirit* may be either high or low, *mettle* seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*. MALONE.

P. 84, l. 8. — *and the lighter people:]* People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 12. — *geck,]* A fool. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 18. — *then cam'st in smiling*, i. e. then, *that thou cam'st in smiling*. MALONE.

I believe the lady means only what she had clearly expressed: „ — then thou camest in smiling;“ not *that* she has been informed of this circumstance by Maria. Maria's account, in short, was justified by the subsequent appearance of Malvolio. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 19. *Presuppos'd*, for imposed.

WARBURTON.

Presuppos'd rather seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst read the letter. The *supposition* was *previous to the act*. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 32. We have *conceiv'd against him*:] Surely we should rather read — *conceiv'd in him*.

TYRWHITT.

P. 84, l. 53. *Importance is importunacy*, *importunement*. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 9. 10. *But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you etc.*] The old copy points this passage erroneously: — „But do you remember, Madam,“ etc. I have followed the regulation proposed in the subsequent note. STEEVENS.

As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus — *but do you remember? — Madam, why laugh you, etc.* TYRWHITT.

P. 85, l. 18. and fol. — and golden time *convents*,] Perhaps we should read — *consents*. To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the Count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us again together*. STEEVENS.

— i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient.

DOUCE.

P. 85, l. 26. *When that I was and a little tiny boy, etc.*] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, against *knave and thief*. — When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *heads*, to the singular number; and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedict and Beatrix*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted Mrs. Askew of Queen's-Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to „*Benedict and Beatrice*, — *Pyramus and Thisby*, — *Rosalinde*, — *Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his *Εἰκονοκλάσις*, censures King Charles for reading „one whom (says he) we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare*." FARMER.

I have followed the regulation proposed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Farmer; and consequently, in-

stead of knaves, thieves, beds, and heads, have printed „knave, thief,“ etc.

Fr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his Majesty's own handwriting, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *John Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649: „Had he but studied scripture half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakspeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was sattled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash,“ etc. With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection.

Though we are well convinced that Shakspeare has written slight ballads for the sake of discriminating characters more strongly, or for other necessary purposes, in the course of his mixed dramas, it is scarce credible, that after he had cleared his stage, he should exhibit his Clown afresh, and with so poor a recommendation as this song, which is utterly unconnected with the subject of the preceding comedy. I do not therefore hesitate to call the nonsensical ditty before us, some buffoon actor's composition, which was accidentally tacked to the Prompter's copy of

Twelfth-Night, having been casually subjoined to it for the diversion, or at the call, of the lowest order of spectators. In the year 1766, I saw the late Mr. Weston summoned out and obliged to sing *Johnny Pringle and his Pig*, after the performance of Voltaire's *Mahomet*, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

* * * [MEASURE FOR MEASURE.] The story is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8, Novel. 5. POPE.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure for Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment hath been attacked for some deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the

matter was from Madam *Isabella*, in *The Heptameron* of *Whetstone*, Lond. 4to, 1582. — She reports, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the rare *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetstone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which likewise had probably fallen into the hands of Shakspeare.

FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's remark is so just respecting the corruptions of this play, that I shall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too often rough, redundant, and irregular. Additions and omissions (however trifling) cannot be made without constant notice of them; and such notices, in the present instance, would so frequently occur, as to become equally tiresome to the commentator and the reader.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible

to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetstone opens his play thus:

Act I. Scene i.

„Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer: one with a bunche of keyes:

Phallax, *Promos Man.*

„You officers which now in *Julio* staye,

„Know you your leadge, the King of
Hungarie,

„Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you
in sway:

„That styll we may to *Justice* have an eye.

„And now to show my rule and power at
lardge,

„Attentivelie his letters patents heare:

„*Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. „As you commaunde I wyll: give heedeful
eare.

*Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters
Pattents, which must be fayre writ-
ten in parchment, with some great
counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. „Loe, here you see what is our Souveraign-
es wyl,

„Loe, heare his wish, that right, not might,
beare swaye:

„Loe, heare his care, to weede from good
the yll,

„To scorge the wights, good lawes that
disobay.

„Such zeale he beares, unto the common
weale,

„(How so he byds, the ignoraunt to save)

„As

„As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor
feelee, etc. etc. etc.)

Pro. „Both swoorde and keies, unto my princes
use,

„I do receyve and gladlie take my chardge.

„It resteth now, for to reforme abuse,

„We poynt a tyme of counsell more at
lardge,

„To treate of which, a whyle we wyll
depart.

Al. speake. „To worke your wyll, we yeelde a will-
ing hart. *Exeunt.*“

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, etc. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

Measure for Measure was, I believe, written in 1603. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Page 87, line 11. Varrius, *a gentleman, servant to the Duke.*] Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing.

JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 8. *Since I am put to know, —*] This may mean, *I am compelled to acknowledge.*

STEEVENS.

P. 88. l. 9. — *lists —*] Bounds, limits.

JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 10 — 12. — *Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your
worth is able,*

And let them work. —] To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and says,

What was Escalus to put to his sufficiency? why, his science: But his science and sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative them depend? He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to restore thus:

But that to your sufficiency you add

Due diligence, as your worth is able, etc.

Nodum in scirpo quaerit. And all for want of knowing, that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke of Escalus. The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your skill in governing (says the Duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.* WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was lost, endeavours to supply it thus:

— Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency you join

A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

He has, by this bold conjecture, undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps, not even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakspeare.

That the passage is more or less corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is lost, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after some other editor [Rowe], will amend the fault. There was probably some original obscurity in the expression, which gave occasion to mistake in repetition or transcription. I therefore suspect that the author wrote thus:

— *Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiencies your worth
is abled,
And let them work.*

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency* *as*, and how *abled*, a word very unusual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uses it in the same sense, or nearly the same with the Duke. As for *sufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying speech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the virtues and sufficiencies of his father.*

JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obscurity, of this verse may be considered as evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two first* words, and the sense joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (says the Duke) *no more remains to say:*

*Your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.*

i. e. *Your skill in government is, in ability to serve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future ministry.*

The versification requires that either something should be added, or something retrenched. The latter is the easier, as well as the safer task. I join in the belief, however, that a line is lost; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy

of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition,) will find my opinion justified.

STEEVENS.

Some words seem to be lost here, the sense of which, perhaps, may be thus supplied:

— *then no more remains,*

But that to your sufficiency you put

A zeal as willing as your worth is able,

And let them work. — TYRWHITT.

I agree with Warburton in thinking that by *sufficiency* the Duke means authority, or power; and, if that be admitted, a very slight alteration indeed will restore this passage — the changing the word *is* into *be*. It will then run thus, and be clearly intelligible:

— *Then no more remains,*

But that your sufficiency, as your worth,
be able,

And let them work.

That is, you are thoroughly acquainted with your duty, so that nothing more is necessary to be done, but to invest you with power equal to your abilities. M. MASON.

Sufficiency is skill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expression; *Let them ferment*. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 14. *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 88, l. 14. 15. — — — *and the terms*

For common justice, you are as pregnant in,] The later

editions all give it, without authority,

— *the terms.*

Of justice, —

and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* signify *bounds* or *limits*. I rather think the Duke meant to say, that Escalus was *pregnant*, that is *ready* and knowing in all the forms of the law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times set apart* for its administration. JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 23. 24. By the words *with special soul elected him*, I believe, the poet means no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart*. STEEVENS.

Steevens has hit upon the true explanation of the passage; and might have found a further confirmation of it in *Troilus and Cressida*, where, speaking of himself, Troilus says,

„— ne'er did young man fancy

„*With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.*“

To do a thing with all one's soul, is a common expression. M. MASON.

P. 89, l. 9. 10. *There is a kind of character in thy life,*

That, to the observer, doth thy history Fully unfold: —]

Either this introduction has more solemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot discover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the observer of his *history*? Might it be supposed that Shakspeare wrote this?

There is a kind of character in thy look.

History may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare must, I believe, be answerable for the unnecessary pomp of this introduction. He

has the same thought in *Henry IV.* P. II. which affords some comment on this passage before us:

„There is a history in all men's lives,
 „Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
 „The which observ'd, a man may prophecy
 „With a near aim, of the main chance of
 things

„As yet not come to life," etc. STEEVENS.

On considering this passage, I am induced to think that the words *character* and *history* have been misplaced, and that it was originally written thus:

*There is a kind of history in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy character
 Fully unfold.*

This transposition seems to be justified by the passage quoted by Steevens from the Second Part of *Henry IV.* M. MASON.

P. 89, l. 11. — *belongings*] i. e. endowments.
 MALONE.

P. 89, l. 12. *Are not thine own so proper, —*]
 i. e. are not so much thy own property.

STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 18. *But to fine issues: —* to great consequences: for high purposes. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 18. — *nor nature never lends*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 20 — 22. — — *she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. —*] i. e. She (Nature) requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy, — thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she has thus

favoured, by way of *interest* for what she has lent.

Use in the phraseology of our author's age, signified *interest of money*. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 22. 23. — *But I do bend my speech*

To one that can my part in him advertise;]

This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern; *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of a deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the Oxford editor seems sworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakspeare's characteristic marks; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to,

To one that can, in my part me advertise.

A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakspeare's. WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read, —

One that can, my part to him advertise,

One that can *inform himself* of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him.

JOHNSON.

To *advertise* is used in this sense, and with Shakspeare's accentuation, by Chapman, in his version of the 11th Book of the *Odyssey*:

„Or, of my father, if thy royal ear

„Hath been *advertis'd* —“ STEEVENS.

I believe, the meaning is, — I am talking to one who is himself already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office; — of that office, which I have now delegated to him.

MALONE.

P. 39, l. 24. *Hold therefore, Angelo;*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that — *Hold therefore, Angelo;* are the words which the Duke utters on tendering his commission to him. He concludes with — *Take thy commission.* STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the Duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this. — The Duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus: „But I am speaking to one, that can in him [in or by himself] apprehend my part [all that I have to say]: I will therefore say no more [on that subject].“ He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment.

TYRWHITT.

P. 39, l. 28. — *first in question*, — that is, first called for; first appointed. JOHNSON.

P. 39, last l. *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakspeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this: *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate; not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it suits better with *prepared* than *levelled*. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 11. That we may *bring you something on the way.*] i. e. accompany you. So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, by Heywood, 1617: „She went very lovingly to *bring him on his way* to horse.“ And the same mode of expression is to be found in almost every writer of the times. REED.

P. 90, l. 14. — *your scope is as mine own;*] That is, your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 25 — *in metre?*] In the primers there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakspeare's time. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 26. *Proportion* signifies *measure*; and refers to the question, *What? in metre?*

WARBURTON.

This speech is improperly given to *Lucio*. It clearly belongs to the *second Gentleman*, who had heart grace „a dozen times at least.“

RITSON.

P. 91, l. 28. *Grace is grace, despite of all controversy:*] Satirically insinuating, that the *controversies* about *grace* were so intricate and endless, that the disputants unsettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in spite of controversy, still remained certain.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare's thoughts reached so far into ecclesiastical disputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profession. The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. *Lucio* enlarges it to *grace in any form or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or *in any religion*, which *Lucio* allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagonist is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 31. *Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same iece. JOHNSON.

P. 92, l. 1 — 5. The jest about the pile of a French velvet, alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularities. Lucio finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakspeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII*:

„*Pill'd* priest thou liest.“ STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 19. *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *The Tempest*. JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 19. — *what with the sweat, —*] This may allude to the *sweating sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakspeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

„You are very moist, Sir: did you *sweat* all this, I pray?

„You have not the *disease*, I hope.

STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 27. — *a peculiar river.* i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not public property. MALONE.

P. 93, last but one l. *All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.*] This is surely too general an expression, unless we suppose, that *all* the houses in the suburbs were *bawdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* says below, „But shall *all* our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?“ that the Clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all bawdy-houses*, or *all houses of resort* in the suburbs. TYRWHITT.

P. 94, l. 6. *But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?*] This will be understood from the Scotch law of *Jame's* time, concerning *huies* (whores): „that comoun women be put at the *utmost endes* of townes, queire least perril of fire is.“ Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholemew-Fair*: „I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do!“ FARMER.

See Martial, where *summoeniana* and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

The licenced houses of resort at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee or Chastity. S. W.

P. 94, l. 30 — 33. The sense of the whole is this: *The demi-god Authority makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus, — I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can say, what dost thou? — Make us pay down for our offence by weight, is a fine expression to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is*

taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not so by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminishing the species.

WARBURTON.

I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, — *The sword of heaven.*

*Thus can the demi-god Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by
weight; —*

The sword of heaven: — on whom, etc.

Authority is then poetically called *the sword of heaven*, which will spare or punish, as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning. This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the Reverend Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eaton. STEEVENS.

Notwithstanding Dr. Robert's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To this uncontrollable power, the poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly styles, *the words of heaven*: „for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,” etc. And again: „Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy,” etc. HENLEY.

It should be remembered, however, that the poet is here speaking not of *mercy*, but *punishment*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone might have spared himself this remark, had he recollected that the words of St. Paul immediately following, and to which the *etc.* referred, are — „and whom he will he hardeneth,” See also the preceding verse. HENLEY.

P. 95, l. 7. To *ravin* was formerly used for eagerly or voraciously devouring any thing: so in *Wilson's Epistle to the Earl of Leicester*, prefixed to a *Discourse upon Usurye*, 1572: „For these bee the greedie cormoraunte wolves indeed, that *ravyn* up both beaste and man.“ REED.

Ravin is an ancient word for *prey*. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 27. *I got possession of Julietta's bed*, etc.] This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face; for she appears to be brought in with the rest, though she has nothing to say. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, etc. one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene. STEEVENS.

The little seeming impropriety there is, will be entirely removed, by supposing that when Claudio stops to speak to Lucio, the Provost's officers depart with Julietta. RITSON.

Claudio may be supposed to speak to Lucio apart. MALONE.

P. 95, l. 28 — 32. — *she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower.
Remaining in the coffer of her friends:]*

This singular mode of expression certainly demands some elucidation. The sense appears to be this: „We did not think it proper publickly to celebrate our marriage; for this reason, that there might be no hindrance to the payment of Julietta's portion which was then in the hands of her friends; from whom, therefore, we judged it expedient to conceal our love till we had gained their favour.“ Propagation being here

used to signify *payment*, must have its root in the Italian word *pagare*. *Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1786.

I suppose the speaker means — for the sake of *getting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read — *only* for *prorogation*.
MALONE.

P. 96, l. 4. *Fault* and *glimpse* have so little relation to each other, that both can scarcely be right: we may read *flash* for *fault*: or, perhaps, we may read,

Whether it be the fault or glimpse —

That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the same sense follows in the next lines. JOHNSON.

Fault, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought,) but to *newness*. The *fault* and *glimpse* is the same as the *faulty glimpse*. And the meaning seems to be — *Whether it be the fault of newness, a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpse, — has yet taken only a hasty survey; or whether, etc.* Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 15. — *that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,]* The Duke, in the scene immediately following, says:

Which for these fourteen years we have let slip. THEOBALD.

P. 96, l. 20. — *tickle* — i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently used by our old dramatic authors. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 27. And there *receive her approbation*; i. e. enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So again, in this play:

„I, in *probation* of a sisterhood.“ —

MALONE.

P. 96, l. 32. I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The author may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone*. Either of these interpretations is sufficiently strained; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the sake of an easier sense we may read:

— in her youth

There is a pow'r, and speechless dialect.

Such as moves men;

Or thus:

There is a prompt and speechless dialect.

JOHNSON.

Prone, perhaps, may stand for *humble*, as a *prone posture* is a posture of supplication. Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play changes *prone* to *sweet*. I mention some of his variations, to shew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakspeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately.

STEEVENS.

Prone, I believe, is used here for *prompt*, *significant*, *expressive* (though speechless), as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means *ardent*, *head-strong*, rushing forward to its object:

„O that *prone* lust should stain so pure
a bed!“

P. 97, l. 3. — under grievous *imposition*;] I once thought it should be *inquisition*, but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.*

JOHNSON.

P. 97, l. 5. *Tick - tack* is a game at tables. „*Jouer au tric - trac*,“ is used in French, in a wanton sense. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 13. 14. *Believe not that the dribbling
dart of love*

Can pierce a complete bosom: —] Think not that a breast *compleatly armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

P. 97, l. 20. — *the life remov'd*;] i. e. a life of retirement, a life remote, or removed, from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

P. 97, l. 22. *Bravery*, in the present instance, signifies *showy dress.* STEEVENS.

P. 97, l. 22. — *keeps.* i. e. dwells, resides. In this sense it is still used at Cambridge, where the students and fellows, referring to their collegiate apartments, always say they *keep*, i. e. reside there. REED.

P. 97, l. 24. (A man of *stricture*, and firm
abstinence,)] *Stric-
ture* makes no sense in this place. We should read:

A man of strickt ure and firm abstinence.
i. e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the subdual of his passions. *Ure* is an old word for use, practise: so *enur'd*, habituated to.

WARBURTON.

Stricture may easily be used for *strictness*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to persons. JOHNSON.

P. 97,

P. 97, last l. (The needful *bits* and *curbs* for head-strong *steeds*,)]

In the copies,

The needful bits and curbs for head-strong weeds.

There is no manner of analogy or consonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare persons of *unbridled licentiousness* to headstrong *steeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the passions* has been a phrase adopted by our best poets.

THEOBALD.

P. 93, first l. Which for these *fourteen* years we have let sleep;]

For *fourteen* I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. The reason will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke [Claudio] has said in a foregoing scene. I have altered the odd phrase of „*letting the laws* slip:“ for how does it sort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But *letting the laws sleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords too exactly with the simile. It is the metaphor too, that our author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other parts of this play. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correspond with a speech of Claudio's in a former scene, but without necessity. *Claudio would naturally represent the period during which the law had not been put in practice, greater than it really was.* MALONE.

Theobald's correction is misplaced. If any correction is really necessary, it should have been

made where Claudio, in a foregoing scene, says *nineteen* years. I am disposed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

P. 98, l. 10. *The baby beats the nurse, —*] This allusion was borrowed from an ancient print, entitled *The World turn'd upside down*, where an infant is thus employed. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 17. *Sith —*] i. e. since. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 27. *To do it slander:]* The text stood:
So do in slander: —

Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus:

To do it slander:

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading:

*And yet my nature never, in the sight,
So doing slandered:*

And yet my nature never suffer slander, by doing any open acts of severity. JOHNSON.

The old text stood,

— in the fight

To do in slander: —

Hanmer's emendation is supported by a passage in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

„Do me no slander, Douglas, I dare fight.“

STEEVENS.

Fight seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 31. *How I may formally in person
bear me*

Like a true friar. —] The sense of the passage (as Mr. Henley observes) is — *How I may demean myself, so as to support the character I have assumed.* STEEVENS.

P. 98, last but one l. *Stands at a guard with envy;*] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

This rather means, to stand cautiously on his *defence*, than on terms of defiance. M. MASON.

P. 100, l. 12. Sir, *make me not your story.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a subject for a tale. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourself with me as you would with a story*, do not make me the subject of your drama. Benedick talks of becoming — the *argument* of his own scorn.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson explains this passage, „do not make a *jest of me.*“ REED.

P. 100, l. 14. *I would not* — i. e. be assured, I would not mock you. So afterwards: „Do not believe it:“ i. e. Do not suppose that I would mock you. MALONE.

I am satisfied with the sense afforded by the old punctuation. STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 15. *With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,*] The Oxford editor's note on this passage is in these words: *The lapwings fly, with seeming fright and anxiety, far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.* And do not all other birds do the same? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying so low and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falshood: and it seems to be a

very old one; for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, says:

„— And *lapwings* that well conith lie.“

WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is, — „— and to jest.“ (See Ray's *Proverbs*) „The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far from heart*.“ i. e. most farthest from the nest, i. e. She is, as Shakspeare has it here, — *Tongue far from heart*. „The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue.“

SMITH.

P. 100, l. 22. *Fewness and truth*, i. e. in *few words*, and those true ones. *In few*, is many times thus used by Shakspeare. SEEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 24 — *his lover* — i. e. his mistress; *lover*, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male sex. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 25 — 27. *As those that feed grow full;
as blossoming time,*

*That from the seedness the bare fallow
brings*

To teeming foison; —] As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,

At blossoming time, etc.

That is, *As they that feed grow full, so her womb now at blossoming time, at that time through which the seed time proceeds to the harvest*, her womb shows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*,

the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Instead of *that*, we may read — *doth*; and, instead of *brings*, *bring*. *Foizon* is *plenty*. *Teeming foizon*, is abundant produce. STEEVENS.

The passage seems to me to require no amendment; and the meaning of it is this: „As blossoming time proves the good tillage of the farmer, so the fertility of her womb expresses Claudio's full tilth and husbandry.“ By *blossoming time* is meant, the time when the ears of corn are formed. M. MASON.

P. 101, l. 4. *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we should read:

— with *hope of action*. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 8. — *with full line* —] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 14. — *to give fear to use* —] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom*. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 21. *Unless you have the grace* —] That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So, when she makes her suit, the provost says:

„Heaven give thee moving *graces*!“ JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 22. — *and that's my pith*
Of business —] The inmost part, the main of my message. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 25. *Has censur'd him* i. e. sentenced him. STEEVENS.

We should read, I think, *He has censured him*, etc. In the Mss. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of these plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written — *h'as*. Hence probably the mistake here. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 1. 2. *All their petitions are as freely theirs*

As they themselves would owe them.]

All their requests are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themselves could wish. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads — *as truly theirs*; which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 2. To *owe*, signifies in this place, as in many others, to possess, to have. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 6. — *the mother* — the abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 15. A Provost martial, *Minshieu* explains, „Prevost des mareschaux; Praefectus rerum capitalium, Praetor rerum capitalium.“ REED.

A provost is generally the executioner of an army. STEEVENS.

A prison for military offenders is at this day, in some places, called the *Prevôt*. MALONE.

The *Provost* here, is not a military officer, but a kind of sheriff or gaoler, so called in foreign countries. DOUCE.

P. 102, l. 18. To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 23. Than *fall* —] I should rather read *fell*, i. e. strike down. WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakspeare has used the same verb active in *The Comedy of Errors*. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 26. To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cognisance*. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 13. 14. — *What know the laws,*

That thieves do pass on thieves? —]

How can the administrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can

they know, whether the jurymen who *decide* on the life or death of thieves be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? *To pass on* is a forensick term. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 14. — 'Tis very *pregnant*, etc.] 'Tis *plain* that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 19. *For I have had such faults;*] That is, *because, by reason that* I have had such faults. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 34. and fol. *Some rise*, etc.] This line is in the first folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none. JOHNSON.

The old reading is, perhaps, the true one, and may mean, *some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty.*

If this be the true reading, it should be printed:

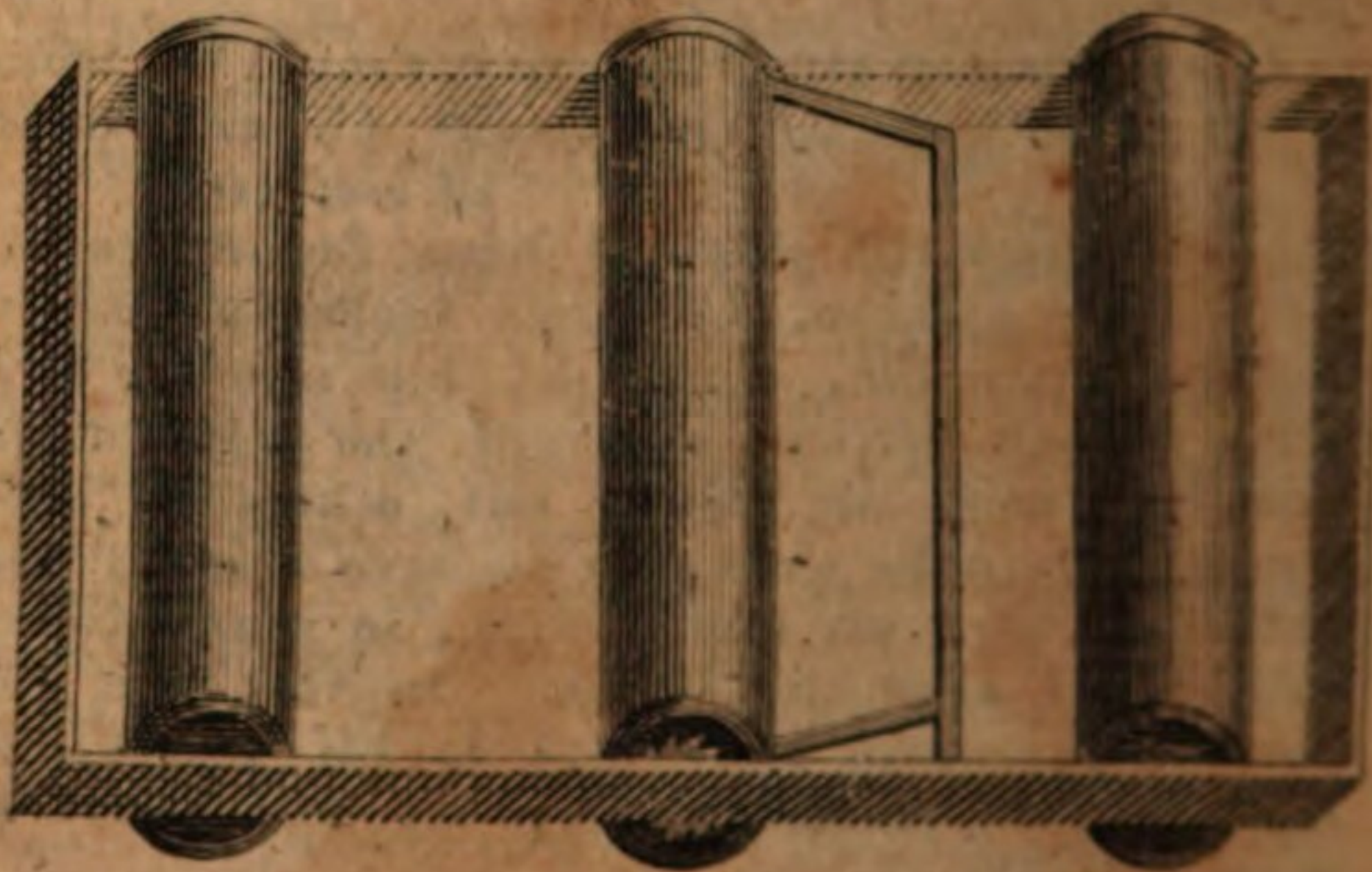
Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] of ice, etc.

Since I suggested this, I have found reason to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *sharp bit*, a *snaffle*, but also the engine with which farriers confined the legs of such unruly horses as would not otherwise submit themselves to be shod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in some places, is still called a smith's *brake*. In this last sense, Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Underwoods*. And, for the former sense, see *The Silent Woman*, Act IV.

I likewise find from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. „The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Exeter's daughter, by means of which pain he shewed many things,“ etc.

„When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (says Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321,) and other ministers of Hen. VI. had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture, which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.“ See Coke's *Instit.* 55. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it:



It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it. The middle one of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, etc. to begin confession. I cannot conclude this account of it without confessing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condescended to direct my enquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower accessible to my researches.

I have since observed that, in *Fox's Martyrs*, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a representation of the same kind. It should not, however, be dissembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the same words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices.

STEEVENS.

The words — *answer none* (that is, *make no confession of guilt*) evidently shew that *brake of vice* here means the *engine of torture*. The same mode of *question* is again referred to in Act V:

„To the *rack* with him: we'll touze you
joint by joint,

„But we will know this purpose.“

The name of *brake of vice*, appears to have been given this machine, from its resemblance to *that used to subdue vicious horses*. HENLEY.

P. 104. l. 13. *This comes of well*;) This is nimbly spoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when

seriously applied to speech, is — This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 19. 20. *Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the constable. „He cannot, Sir, (quoth the *Clown*,) he's *out at elbow*.“ I know not whether this quibble be generally understood: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Constable*, in his account of master *Froth* and the *Clown*, has a stroke at the *Puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage about this time: „Precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.“ FARMER.

P. 104, l. 24. He Sir? *a tapster*, Sir; *parcel-bawd*;] This we should now express by saying, *he is half-tapster, half-bawd*. JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 27. A *hot-house* is an English name for a *bagnio*. JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 30. My wife, Sir, whom I *detest* etc.] He designed to say *protest*. Mrs. Quickly makes the same blunder in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. iv. — „But, I *detest*, an honest maid,“ etc. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 11. *Ay, Sir, by mistress Overdone's means*:] Here seems to have been some mention made of *Froth*, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 20. *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 24. A *China* dish, in the age of Shakspeare, must have been such an uncommon thing, that the *Clown's* exemption of it, as no

utensil in a common brothel, is a striking circumstance in his absurd and tautological deposition.

STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 25. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in *a lower chair*,] Every house had formerly, among its other furniture, what was called — a *low chair*, designed for the ease of sick people, and, occasionally, occupied by lazy ones. Of these conveniencies I have seen many, though, perhaps, at present they are wholly disused. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 20. I'll be *supposed* upon a book,] He means *deposed*. MALONE.

P. 108, first l. *Justice or Iniquity?*] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

Justice or Iniquity?] i. e. The constable or the fool. Escalus calls the latter *Iniquity*, in allusion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character, in the ancient moralities and dumb-shews. *Justice* may have a similar allusion, which I am unable to explain. *Iniquitie* is one of the personages in the „Worthy interlude of *Kynge Darius*,“ 4to. bl. l. no date. And in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* Prince Henry calls Falstaff, — „that reverend *Vice*, that grey *Iniquity*.“ RITSON.

P. 108, l. 4. O thou wicked *Hannibal*!] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 22. — *thou art to continue*.] Perhaps Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes the Clown is to *continue in confinement*; at least, he conceives some severe punishment or other to be implied by the word — *continue*. STEEVENS.

P. 109, first l. *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*. In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*. JOHNSON.

P. 109, l. 11. *Pompey*.] His mistress in a preceding scene, calls him *Thomas*. RITSON.

P. 109, l. 14. '*Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you*;' Harrison in his *Description of Britain*, prefixed to Holingshed's Chronicle, condemns the excess of apparel amongst his countrymen. Should any curious reader wish for more information upon this subject, he is referred to „*Strutt's Manners and Customs of the English*,“ Vol. III. p. 36. DOUCE.

But perhaps an ancient MS. ballad, entitled, *A lamentable complaint of the pore country men againste great hose, for the losse of there cattel-les tailes*, Mus. Brit. MS. Harl. 367. may throw further light on the subject. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 32. — take order — i. e. *take measures*. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 5. A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that ever I could obtain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof: so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

P. 112, l. 28. *Your Honour*, which is so often repeated in this scene, was in our author's time the usual mode of address to a Lord. It had become antiquated after the Restoration; for Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play has substituted *your Excellence* in the room of it. MALONE.

P. 112, l. 29. *Stay a little while.*] It is not clear why the Provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

The entrance of Lucio and Isabella should not, perhaps, be made till after Angelo's speech to the Provost, who had only announced a lady, and seems to be detained as a witness to the purity of the deputy's conversation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Isabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reason to think he departs before. RITSON.

Stay a little while, is said by Angelo, in answer to the words, „*Save your honour*;“ which denoted the Provost's intention to *depart*. Isabella uses the same words to Angelo, when she *goes out*, near the conclusion of this scene. So also, when she offers to retire, on finding her suit ineffectual: „*Heaven keep your honour*!“

MALONE.

P. 113, l. 4. 5. *For which I must not plead,
but that I am*

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.]

This is obscure; perhaps it may be mended by reading:

For which I must now plead; but yet I am

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Yet and *yt* are almost undistinguishable in an ancient manuscript. Yet no alteration is necessary, since the speech is not unintelligible as it now stands. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 3. 9. — *let it be his fault,*

And not my brother.] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer. MALONE.

P. 113, l. 34. *Remorse*, in this place, as in many others, signifies *pity*. See *Othello*, Act III. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 21. Why, all the souls that *were*,
were forfeit once;]
 This is false divinity. We should read — *are*.

WARBURTON.

I fear, the player, in this instance, is a better divine than the prelate. The *souls that WERE*, evidently refer to Adam and Eve, whose transgression rendered them obnoxious to the penalty of annihilation, but for the remedy which the author of their being most graciously provided. The learned Bishop, however, is more successful in his next explanation. HENLEY.

P. 114, l. 26. 27. *And mercy then will breathe
 within your lips,*

Like man new made.] This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is, that *mercy* will add such a grace to your person, that you will appear as amiable as a man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator.

WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the severity of your present character.* In familiar speech, *You would be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation. MALONE.

I incline to a different interpretation: — *And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by „breathing into his nostrils the breath of life.“*

HOLT WHITE.

P. 114, last l. We kill the fowl of season; i. e. when it is in season. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: „— buck; and of the season too it shall appear. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 7. The law hath not been dead, though
it hath slept:] *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*, is
a maxim in our law. HOLT WHITE.

P. 115, l. 10. If *the first man* that did the
edict infringe,] The
word *man* has been supplied by the modern edi-
tors. I would rather read —

If he, the first, etc. TYRWHITT.

Man was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

P. 115, l. 13. — and, like a prophet, *looks in a*
glass,] This alludes
to the fopperies of the *beril*, much used at that
time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by.

WARBURTON.

The *beril*, which is a kind of crystal, hath a
weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks
of Astrologers, the discovery of past or future
events was supposed to be the consequence of
looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p.
165. edit. 1721. REED.

P. 115, l. 21. For then I pity those I do not
know,] This was
one of Hale's memorials. When I find myself
swayed to mercy, let me remember, that there
is a mercy likewise due to the country. JOHNSON.

P. 115, l. 28 — 30. — O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is
tyrannous,

To use it like a giant.] Isabella alludes
to the savage conduct of giants in ancient ro-
mances. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 34. — *pelting*,] i. e. paltry.

STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 5. *Gnarre* is the old English word
for a knot in wood. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 9. *As make the angels weep;*] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. — *Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebraeorum magistri.* — Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

P. 116, l. 9. 10. — *who, with our spleens, Would all themselves laugh mortal.*] Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* or, as we say in common life, laugh themselves dead; which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakspeare meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, says Shakspeare, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. WARBURTON.

P. 116, l. 15. *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:*] We mortals, proud and foolish, cannot prevail on our passions to *weigh* or compare our brother, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different names and different judgements for the same faults committed by persons of different condition. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 33. 34. — *She speaks, and 'tis Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.*] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My sense breeds with her sense*

sense, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say, to *brood* over thought.

JOHNSON.

The sentence signifies, Isabella does not utter *barren* words, but speaks such sense as *breeds* or *produces a consequence* in Angelo's mind. Thus truths which *generate* no conclusion are often termed *barren* facts. HOLT WHITE.

I understand the passage thus: — Her arguments are enforced with so much good sense, as to increase that stock of sense which I already possess.

DOUCE.

P. 117, l. 9. *Fond* means very frequently in our author, *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued* or *prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 9. — *tested gold*, i. e. attested, or marked with the standard stamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined.

JOHNSON.

All gold that is *tested* is not marked with the standard stamp. The verb has a different sense, and means tried by the cuppel, which is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce CUPPELL. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 117, l. 13. — *preserved souls*, i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar.

WARBURTON.

P. 117, l. 22. 23. — — — for I

Am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.] Which way An-

gelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

*I am that way going to temptation,
Which your prayers cross.*

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. Isabella, parting, says:

Save you honour!

Angelo catches the word — *Save it! From what?
From thee; even from thy virtue! —*

JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote of similar one from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. i.:

„*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

„*Sola.* Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer.“

For the same reason Angelo seems to say *Amen* to Isabella's prayer; but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps — Where prayers are crossed. TYRWHITT.

The petition of the Lord's Prayer — „lead us not into temptation“ — is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting, being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. HENLEY.

P. 117, l. 32. and fol. *Not she; nor doth she tempt: but etc.]* I am not corrupted by her, but my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 4. *And pitch our evils there?]* So, in *King Henry VIII*:

„Nor build their *evils* on the graves of great men.“

Neither of these passages appears to contain a very elegant allusion.

Evils, in the present instance, undoubtedly stand for *foricae*. Dr. Farmer assures me he has seen the word *evil* used in this sense by our ancient writers; and it appears from *Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax*, etc. that privies were originally so ill-contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deserve the title of *evils* or nuisances.

STEEVENS.

No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame. — The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27. HENLEY.

P. 118, l. 19. As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 29. 30. I come to visit *the afflicted spirits*

Here in the prison: —] This is a scrip-

tural expression, very suitable to the grave character which the Duke assumes. „By which also he went and preached unto the *spirits in prison*.“

1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

P. 119, l. 5. 6. *Who falling in the flames of
her own youth,*

Hath blister'd her report:] The old copy reads
— *flaws*. STEEVENS.

Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires, we should read:

— *flames of her own youth?* WARBURTON.

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that Sir William D'Avenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*.

FARMER.

P. 119, l. 31. — *But lest you do repent, etc.*] I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke's speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this: „Take care, *lest you repent* [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the sin hath brought you to this shame*.“ Accordingly, Juliet's answer is explicit to this point:

*I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.*

TYRWHITT.

P. 120, l. 5. — *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

P. 120, l. 8. *Benedicite!*] The former part of this line evidently belongs to Juliet. *Benedicite* is the Duke's reply. RITSON.

This regulation is undoubtedly proper: but I suppose Shakspeare to have written, —

Juliet. May grace go with you!

Duke. Benedicite! STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 9. *O, injurious love,*] Her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love; therefore she calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to shame, but that it hindered her freeing herself from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law*. JOHNSON.

I know not what circumstance in this play can authorise a supposition that Juliet was respited *on account of her pregnancy*; as her life was in no danger from the law, the severity of which was exerted only on the seducer. I suppose she means that a parent's love for the child she bears, is *injurious*, because it makes her careful of her life in her present shameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the passage thus: „O, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life, which is a burthen to me worse than death!“ STEEVENS.

Both Johnson's explanation of this passage, and Steeven's refutation of it, prove the necessity of Hanmer's amendment, which removes every difficulty, and can scarcely be considered as an alteration, the trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being so nearly alike. — The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as she wished to die with him.

M. MASON.

P. 120, l. 19. 20. Whilst my invention, hearing
not my tongue,

Anchors on Isabel:] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expression. [Dr. Warburton means — *intention*, a word substituted by himself.] But the old blundering folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to sense.

WARBURTON.

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this instance more than its common meaning, and signifies eagerness of desire. STEEVENS.

I believe it means *attention* only, a sense in which the word is frequently used by Shakspeare and the other writers of his time. — Angelo says, he *thinks* and prays to several subjects; that Heaven has his prayers, but his thoughts are fixed on Isabel. M. MASON.

P. 120, l. 25. — *fear'd* —] We should read *seared*, i. e. old. So, Shakspeare uses *in the sear*, to signify old age. WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may stand. What we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*.

JOHNSON.

P. 120, l. 27. *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain.

STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 29. — *thy case, thy habit,*] For outside; garb; external shew. JOHNSON.

P. 120, l. 30. 31. *Wrench awe from fools, and
tie the wiser souls*

To thy false seeming? —] Here Shakspeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frightened, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as

well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

JOHNSON.

P. 120, l. 31 — 33. — Blood, thou still art blood:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

'Tis not the devil's crest.] i. e. Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. This was his conclusion from his preceding words:

— *O form!*

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming? —

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude just counter to his own premises; by altering it to,

Is't not the devil's crest?

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus: — False seeming, wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wise. Therefore,

Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn, (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's crest?* (i. e. he shall be esteemed a devil.) WARBURTON.

I am still inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his seeming character, and his real disposition, observes, that he *could change his gravity for a plume*. He then digresses into an apostrophe, *O dignity, how dost thou impose upon the world!* then returning to himself, *Blood* (says he) *thou art but blood*, however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do

not alter nature, which is still corrupt, however dignified:

*Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't not? — or rather — 'Tis yet the devil's
crest.*

It may however be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how dost thou impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we write good angel on the devil's horn, 'tis not taken any longer to be the devil's crest. In this sense,

Blood, thou art but blood!

is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.

A Hebrew proverb seems to favour Dr. Johnson's reading:

„— 'Tis yet the devil's crest.“

„A nettle standing among myrtless, doth notwithstanding retain the name of a nettle.“

STEEVENS.

This passage, as it stands, appears to me to be right, and Angelo's reasoning to be this: „O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiser souls to your false seeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or constitutions of those who possess, or assume you. — Though we should write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that crest.“ It is well known that the crest was formerly chosen either as emblematical of some quality conspicuous in the person who bore it, or as alluding to some remarkable incident of his life; and on this circumstance depends the justness of the present allusion. M. MASON.

It should be remembered, that the devil is usually represented with horns and cloven feet.

The old copy appears to me to require no alteration. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 14. The *general*, subject to a well-wish'd King,] The later editions have — „subjects;“ but the old copies read:

The general subject to a well-wish'd King. —

The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general subjects* has no sense at all, and *general* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*; so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, subject to a King. So, in *Hamlet*: „The play pleased not the *million*: 'twas caviare to the *general*.“ JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*, has a remarkable passage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the King going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, „spake lovingly to the people, and said, God bless ye, God bless ye;“ he adds these words, „contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him.“

TYRWHITT.

P. 122, l. 2. 3. — *that hath from nature stolen
A man already made,*] i. e. that hath killed a man. MALONE.

P. 122, l. 4. Their *sawcy sweetness* Dr. Warburton interprets, *their sawcy indulgence of their*

appetite. Perhaps it means nearly the same as what is afterwards called *sweet uncleanness.*

MALONE.

Sweetness, in the present instance has, I believe, the same sense as — *lickerishness.* STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 6. *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly, illegally*: so *false*, in the next line but one, is *illegal, illegitimate.* JOHNSON.

P. 122, l. 7. As to put mettle in *restrained means*,] In forbidden moulds. I suspect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another. JOHNSON.

I should suppose that our author wrote,
— in *restrained mints*,
as the allusion may be still to *coining.* Sir W. D'Avenant omits the passage. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 9. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but
not in earth.] I would have it considered, whether the train of the discourse does not rather require Isabel to say:

'Tis so set down in earth, but not in heaven.
When she has said this, *Then*, says Angelo, *I shall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the present purpose, declare your brother's crime to be less in the sight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to save your brother's life? To this she answers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appositely to that which I propose:

I had rather give my body than my soul.

JOHNSON.

What you have stated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of scripture*; — but on *earth* the latter offence is considered as less heinous than the former. MALONE.

P. 122. l. 17. *I had rather give my body than
my soul.] Isabel, I*
believe, uses the words, „give my body,“ in a
different sense from that in which they had been
employed by Angelo. She means, I think, *I had*
rather die, than forfeit my eternal happiness
by the prostitution of my person. MALONE.

She may mean — *I had rather give up my body*
to imprisonment, than my soul to perdition.

STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 18. 19. — *Our compell'd sins*

Stand more for number than accompt.]

Actions to which we are compelled, however nu-
merous, are not imputed to us by heaven as cri-
mes. If you cannot save your brother but by
the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary
but compelled sin, for which you cannot be
accountable. MALONE.

P. 122, l. 30. 31. *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril
of your soul,*

Were equal poize of sin and charity.]

The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there
might *not be a charity in sin to save this bro-*
ther. Isabella answers, that if *Angelo will save*
him, she will stake her soul that it were charity,
not sin. Angelo replies, that if Isabella would
save him at the hazard of her soul, it would
be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the
charity would be equivalent. JOHNSON.

P. 122, last l. To have it added to the faults
of mine,

And nothing of your, answer.] I think
it should be read,

And nothing of yours, answer.

You, and whatever is yours, be exempt from pe-
nalty. JOHNSON.

And nothing of your answer, means, and make no part of those sins for which you shall be called to answer. STEEVENS.

This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

*To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.* STEEVENS.

So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults of *mine answer* are the faults which I am to answer for.

TYRWHITT.

P. 123, l. 9. An *enshield beauty* is a *shielded beauty*, a beauty covered or protected as with a shield. STEEVENS.

— as these black masks,
Proclaim an enshield beauty, etc.

This should be written, *en-shell'd*, or *in-shell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi.

„Thrusts forth his horns again into the
world

„That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood
for Rome.“

These *Masks* must mean, I think, the *Masks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakspeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the King I have already pointed out; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the Duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think so well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did some years ago; and therefore I should wish to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of Mr. Ritson, as I see no ground for supposing that Isabella *had* any mask in her hand. My notion at present is, that the phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than *black masks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the propositive article. See the *Glossary to Chaucer*, edit. 1775; *This, Thise*. Shakspeare seems to have used the same idiom not only in the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in *King Henry IV. Part I. Act I. sc. iii.*

„— and, but for *these* vile guns,

„He would himself have been a soldier.“

With respect to the former part of this note, though Mr. Ritson has told us that, „*enshield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *enshielded*,“ I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till some authority is produced for such an usage of *enshield* or *enshielded*. TYRWHITT.

There are instances of a similar contraction or elision, in our author's plays. Thus, *bleat* for *bloated*, *ballast* for *ballasted*, and *waft* for *wafted*, with many others. RITSON.

Sir William D'Avenant reads — *as a black mask*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

„*These* happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

„Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair.“

STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 15. *Pain* is here for *penalty*, *punishment*. JOHNSON.

P. 123, l. 18. To *subscribe* means, to *agree to*. Milton uses the word in the same sense.

STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 19. The *loss* of question I do not well understand, and should rather read:

But in the toss of question.

In the *agitation*, in the *discussion* of the question. To *toss* an argument is a common phrase.

JOHNSON.

This expression, I believe, means, *but in idle supposition*, or *conversation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be called *the loss of question*. STEEVENS.

Question is used here, as in many other places, for *conversation*. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 23. — all-binding law;] The old editions read:

— all-building law. JOHNSON.

The emendation is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

P. 123, last l. *Better it were, a brother died at once,]* Perhaps we should read:

Better it were, a brother died for once, etc.

JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 5. *Ignomy* —] So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. iii.

„Hence, brother lacquey! *ignomy* and shame,“ etc. REED.

The second folio reads — *ignominy*; but whichever reading we take, the line will be inharmonious, if not defective. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 17. If not a *feodary*, etc.] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves

to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, „we are all frail;“ — „Yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up.“ The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Mr. M. Mason censures me for not perceiving that *feodary* signifies an *accomplice*. Of this I was fully aware, as it supports the sense contended for by Warburton, and seemingly acquiesced in by Dr. Johnson. — Every *vassal* was an *accomplice* with his lord; i. e. was subject to be executor of the mischief he did not contrive, and was obliged to follow in every bad cause which his superior led. STEEVENS.

I have shewn in a note on *Cymbeline*, that *feodary* was used by Shakspeare in the sense of an *associate*, and such undoubtedly is its signification here. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 18. To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have possession. JOHNSON.

P. 124. l. 22. Which are as easy broke as they *make forms*.] Would it not be better to read?

— take *forms*. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 26. *In profiting by them*.] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

If men mar their own creation, by taking women for their example, they cannot be said to

profit much by them. — Isabella is deploring the condition of woman-kind, formed so frail and credulous, that men prove the destruction of the whole sex, by taking advantage of their weakness, and using them for their own purposes. She therefore calls upon Heaven to assist them. This, though obscurely expressed, appears to be the meaning of this passage. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson does not seem to have understood this passage. Isabella certainly does not mean to say that men mar their own creation by taking women for examples. Her meaning is, that *men debase their nature by taking advantage of such weak pitiful creatures. — Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.*

P. 124, l. 28. And credulous *to false prints.*] i. e. take any impression. WARBURTON.

P. 125, l. 1. 2. *Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.] Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before.

JOHNSON.

P. 125, l. 7 — 9. *I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,*

Which seems a little fouler than it is, etc.] Alluding

to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malcontents. WARBURTON.

I suspect Warburton's interpretation to be more ingenious than just. The obvious meaning is — *I know your virtue assumes an air of licentious-*

ness

ness which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me. — Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786.

STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 13. *Seeming, seeming!*] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

P. 125, l. 21. My *vouch* against you,] The calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has something fine. *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he insinuates his authority was so great, that his *denial*, would have the same credit that a *vouch* or testimony has in ordinary cases. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch against* means no more than denial.

JOHNSON.

P. 125, l. 23. 24. *That you shall stifle in your own report,*

And smell of calumny.] A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 25. *And now I give my sensual race the rein:*] And now I give my senses the rein, in the race they are now actually running. HEATH.

P. 125, l. 30. Or else he must not only *die the death*,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

„Prepare to die the death.“ JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

The phrase is *a good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *scriptural* origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, ver. 607.

„They were adradde of him, as of *the deth*.”

ver. 1222.

„*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte smite.”

It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort*. TYRWHITT.

P. 126, l. 9. — by *prompture* —] Suggestion, temptation, instigation. JOHNSON.

P. 126, l. 10. — *such a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakspeare's language, may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses „*mind of love*,” in *The Merchant of Venice*, for *loving mind*.

STEEVENS.

P. 126, last but one l. *Be absolute for death*;] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace*, —

„— The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome.”

JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 1 — 4. — *Reason thus with life*, —

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: —]

This reading is not only contrary to all sense and reason, but to the drift of this moral discourse. The Duke, in his assumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to instil into the condemned prisoner a resignation of mind to his sentence; but the sense of the lines in this reading, is a direct persuasive to *suicide*; I make no doubt, but the poet wrote,

That none but fools would reck: —

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So, in the tragedy of *Tancred and Gismund*, Act IV. sc. iii:

„— Not that she *recks* this life.” —

And Shakspeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

„*Recking* as little what betideth me.“

WARBURTON.

The meaning seems plainly this, that *none but fools* would wish to keep life; or, *none but fools* would keep it, if choice were allowed. A sense which, whether true or not, is certainly innocent.

JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not signify *preserve*, but *care for*.

STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 4—6. — a breath thou art,

(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That *dost* etc.] Sir T. Hanmer changed *dost* to *do* without necessity or authority. The construction is not, „the skiey influences that do,“ but, „a breath thou art, that dost,“ etc. If „Servile to all the skiey influences“ be inclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish.

PORSON.

P. 127, l. 9. In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to show the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool*, at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors' publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise*.

WARBURTON.

It is observed by the Editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154. that the initial letter of Stowe's Survey, contains a representation of a struggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were most probably copied

from those characters as formerly exhibited on the stage. REED.

There are no such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in any old *Morality* now extant. They seem to have existed only in the *dumb Shows*. The two figures in the initial letter of Stowe's *Survey*, 1603, which have been mistaken for these two personages, have no allusion whatever to the stage, being merely one of the set known by the name of *Death's Dance*, and actually copied from the margin of an old Missal. The scene in the modern pantomime of *Harlequin Skeleton*, seems to have been suggested by some playhouse tradition of *Death and the Fool*. RITSON.

P. 127, l. 12. — by *baseness*:] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love*, here assigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakspeare only meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 15. *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakspeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction; a serpent's tongue is *soft*, but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In

A Midsummer Night's Dream he has the same notion:

„With *doubler* tongue

„Than thine, O serpent, never adder *stung*.”

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare mentions the „adder's *fork*“ in *Macbeth*; and might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 16. 17. — *yet grossly fear'st*

Thy death, which is no more. —]

Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: „*Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, et dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit, cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.*“ But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgement, omitted in the imitation.

WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakspeare saying, that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an oversight in Shakspeare; for in the second scene of the fourth act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken sleep*. STEEVENS.

I apprehend Shakspeare means to say no more, than that the passage from this life to another is as easy as sleep; a position in which there is surely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 17. — *Thou art not thyself;]* Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external

assistance, thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing they own being. JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 24. For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *passions* of mind, or disorders of body variously *affected*. JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 31. The *serpigo* is a king of tetter.

STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 32 — 35. — *Thou hast nor youth,
nor age;*

*But, as it were, an after-dinner's
sleep,*

Dreaming on both: —] This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

P. 128, first l. *Eld* is generally used for *old age*, *decrepitude*. It is here put for *old people*, *persons worn with years*. STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 32 — 36. and P. 128, l. 1 — 5.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age; etc.]

The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is, — *We have neither youth nor age*. But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed, he proves by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all sense of pleasure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uses these words:

— *for all thy blessed youth*

*Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; —*

Out of which, he that can deduce the conclusion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I suppose the poet wrote,

— *for pall'd, thy blazed youth*

*Becomes assuaged; and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; —*

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once assuaged, and thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palsy and other nervous disorders, consequent on the inordinate use of sensual pleasures. This is to the purpose; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by shewing the short duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally mistaken. Shakspeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happiest* time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*: *must beg alms* from the coffers of heary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

— *has neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,*

To make his riches pleasant. —

I have explained this passage according to the present reading, which may stand without much

inconvenience; yet I am willing to persuade my reader, because I have almost persuaded myself, that our author wrote,

— *for all thy blasted youth*

Becomes as aged — JOHNSON.

The sentiment contained in these lines, which Dr. Johnson has explained with his usual precision, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. ii. MALONE.

P. 128, l. 2. 3. *Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*

To make thy riches pleasant. —] But how does beauty make *riches pleasant*? We should read *bounty*, which completes the sense, and is this; thou hast neither the pleasure of enjoying riches thyself, for thou wantest vigour; nor of seeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wantest *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely satirical, though not altogether just. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not such as that an opportunity of inserting it should be purchased by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confessing insensibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

By „heat“ and „affection“ the poet meant to express *appetite*, and by „limb“ and „beauty“ *strength*. EDWARDS.

P. 128, l. 5. — — Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths:] For this Sir T. Hamner reads:

— a *thousand deaths*: —

The meaning is, not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 8. 9. *To sue to live, I find, I seek
to die;*

And, seeking death, find life:] Had the Friar, in reconciling Claudio to death, urged to him the certainty of happiness hereafter, this speech would have been introduced with more propriety; but the Friar says nothing of that subject, and argues more like a philosopher, than a Christian divine. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason seems to forget that no actual friar was the speaker, but the Duke, who might reasonably be supposed to have more of the Philosopher than the divine in his composition.

STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 26. *Why, as all comforts are; most
good in deed:]* If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than *words* of comfort, she brings an assurance of *deeds*. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

— in *speed*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

Why,

*As all comforts are: most good, most good
indeede.*

I believe the present reading, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true one. So, in *Macbeth*:

„We're yet but young *in deed*.“

STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:

„*Clau.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

„*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed Lord Angelo,” etc.

Indeed is the same as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspeare’s age. See Charles the First’s Trial. The King and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface:

„Truly, Sir.” — BLACKSTONE.

P. 128, l. 30. 31. *Leiger* is the same with *resident*. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points.

JOHNSON.

The word *appointment*, on this occasion, should seem to comprehend confession, communion, and absolution. „Let him (says Escalus) be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation.” The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *dis-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more simply explained by the following passage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

„— your lodging

„Is decently *appointed*.” i. e. prepared, furnished.

STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 7 — 9. — — — *a restraint,*

*Though all the world's vastitidy you
had,*

To a determin'd scope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped. JOHNSON.

P. 129, l. 12. *Would bark your honour from
that trunk you bear,]*

A metaphor from stripping trees of their bark.

DOUCE.

P. 129, l. 20 — 24. *The sense of death is etc.]* The reasoning is, *that death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man; or perhaps, that we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread that which we carelessly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we.*

JOHNSON.

The meaning is — fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle. — This passage, however, from its arrangement, is liable to an opposite construction, but which would totally destroy the illustration of the sentiment. DOUCE.

P. 129, last but one l. — *and follies doth ennew,]* Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves. JOHNSON.

P. 129, last l. *As falcon doth the fowl,]* In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.

P. 130, first l. To *cast* a pond is to empty it of mud.

Mr. Upton reads:

*His pond within being cast, he would appear
A filth as deep as hell.* JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 4 — 6. — 'tis the cunning livery
of hell,

The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards!] The stupid editors, mistaking *guards* for satellites (whereas it here signifies *lace*,) altered *priestly*, in both places, to *princely*. Whereas Shakspeare wrote it *priestly*, as appears from the words themselves:

— 'Tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
With priestly guards. —

In the first place we see that *guards* here signifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no sense in the signification of *satellites*. Now *priestly guards* means *sanctity*, which is the sense required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a sense the passage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of,

This out-ward-sainted deputy,

demand the reading I have restored. WARBURTON.

The first folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

Princely is the judicious correction of the second folio. *Princely guards* mean no more than the badges of royalty, (laced or bordered robes,) which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the Duke. The stupidity of the first editors is sometimes not more injurious to Shakespeare, than the ingenuity of those who succeeded them. STEEVENS.

A *guard*, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; „because (says Minshieu) it *guards* and keeps the garment from tearing.“ These borders were sometimes of lace. MALONE.

P. 130, l. 10. — he would give it thee, *from*
this rank offence,]

I believe means, *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a secret of his in my keeping, would ensure you from further harm on account

of the same fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 22 — 25 — *Has he affections in him, etc.] Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? [I find, he is.] Surely then, since this is so general a propensity, since the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, it is no sin, or at least a venial one.*

MALONE.

P. 130, l. 24. 25. — — Sure it is no sin.

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.]

It may be useful to know which they are; the reader is therefore presented with the following catalogue of them, viz. Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Covetousness, Gluttony, and Lechery. To recapitulate the punishments hereafter for these sins, might have too powerful an effect upon the weak nerves of the present generation; but whoever is desirous of being particularly acquainted with them, may find information in some of the old monkish systems of divinity, and especially in a curious book entitled *Le Kalendrier des Bergiers*, 1500. folio, of which there is an English translation. DOUCE.

P. 130, l. 27 — 29. *If it were damnable, etc.]* Shakspeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,

Thou shalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the

soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 29. *Perdurably* is lastingly.

STEEVENS.

P. 131, first l. — *the delighted spirit* i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was *crowded together* likewise; and so by death not only set free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps stand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The most plausible is that which substitutes

— *the benighted spirit,*

alluding to the darkness always supposed in the place of future punishment.

Perhaps we may read:

— *the delinquent spirit,*

a word easily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unskilful reader. *Delinquent* is proposed by Thirbly in his manuscript. JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* spirit is meant, *the soul once accustomed to delight*, which of course must render the sufferings, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *blessed*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to show its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 6 — 8. — or to be worse than worst

Of those, *that lawless and incertain*
thoughts

Imagine howling! —] Conjecture sent

out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through possibilities of pain.

JOHNSON.

P. 131, l. 1 — 12. Most certainly the idea of the „spirit bathing in fiery floods,“ or of residing „in thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice,“ is not original to our poet; but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell; „the fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte,“ says an old homily: — „The seconde is passyng cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torne to yce.“ One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot; take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us:

„*Si quis dixerit episcopum podagrâ laborare, anathema sit.*“

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, „where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell,“ among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will soon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother antiquary hath observed to me, on the authority of Biefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the in-

habitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or philosopher.

FARMER.

Lazarus, in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:

„Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right sore,“ etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 21. 22. *Is't not a kind of incest, to take life*

From thine own sister's shame?] In Isabella's declamation here is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun.

JOHNSON.

P. 131, l. 25. *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly.

STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 26. *Defiance* is *refusal*. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 33. Thy sin's not accidental, but *a trade*:] A custom; a practice; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a trade of it*. JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 21. 22. *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible*:] A condemned man, whom his confessor had brought to bear death with decency and resolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occasioned the advice in the words above. But how did these hopes *satisfy* his resolution? or what harm was there,

there, if they did? We must certainly read, *Do not falsify your resolution with hopes that are fallible.* And then it becomes a reasonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *resolution* which was raised only on motives of religion. And this his confessor had reason to warn him of. The term *falsify* is taken from fencing, and signifies the pretending to aim a stroke, in order to draw the adversary off his guard. So, Fairfax:

„Now strikes he out, and now he *falsifieth*.“

WARBURTON.

The sense is this: — Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* There is no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not satisfy or content yourself with that kind of resolution, which acquires strength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the test; a hope, that in your case, if you rely upon it, will deceive you.

MALONE.

P. 132, l. 27. *Hold you there:*] Continue in that resolution. JOHNSON.

P. 133, first l. *In good time.*] i. e. *à la bonne heure*, so be it, very well. STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 20. — *he made trial of you only.* —] That is, *he will say he made trial of you only.*

M. MASON.

P. 134, l. 13. *Combinate* is *betrothed*, settled by contract. STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 19. — *bestowed her on her own lamentation,*] i. e. *left her to her sorrows.* MALONE.

Rather, as our author expresses himself in *King Henry V.* — „gave her up“ to them.

STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 2. — *only refer yourself to his advantage,*] This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, *only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage.* JOHNSON.

Refer yourself to, merely signifies — *have recourse to, betake yourself to,* this advantage.

STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 12. — *and the corrupt deputy scaled.*] To scale the deputy may be, *to reach him, notwithstanding the elevation of his place;* or it may be, *to strip him and discover his nakedness, though armed and concealed by the investments of authority.* JOHNSON.

To scale, as may be learned by a note to Coriolanus, Act I. sc. i. most certainly means, *to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight.* An army routed is called by Holinshed, an army *scaled.* The word sometimes signifies *to diffuse or disperse;* at others, as I suppose in the present instance, *to put into confusion.* STEEVENS.

To scale is certainly to reach (as Dr. Johnson explains it) as well as *to disperse or spread abroad,* and hence its application to a routed army which is *scattered over the field.* The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached,* as a town is by the scalade, or that his true character would be *spread or laid open,* so that his vileness would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed,* a meaning which Dr. Johnson affixes to the word in another place. See *Coriolanus,* Act. I. sc. i.

Scaled, however, may mean — *laid open,* as a *corrupt sore* is by removing the slough that co-

vers it. The allusion is rendered less disgusting, by more elegant language, in *Hamlet*:

„It will but *skin* and *film* the *ulcerous place*;
 „Whiles *rank corruption*, mining all within,
 „Infects unseen.“ RITSON.

P. 135, l. 24. A *grange* is a solitary farm-house. So, in *Othello*:

„— this is Venice,
 „My house is not a *grange*.“ STEEVENS.

A *grange* implies some one particular house immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as, *Hornby grange*, *Blackwell grange*; and is in the neighbourhood simply called *The Grange*. Originally, perhaps, these buildings were the lord's *granary* or store-house, and the residence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, from *Granagium*, Lat.) RITSON.

A *grange*, in its original signification, meant a farm-house of a monastery (from *grana* gerendo), from which it was always at some little distance. One of the monks was usually appointed to inspect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange; — in barbarous Latin, *Grangiarius*. Being placed at a distance from the monastery, and not connected with any other buildings, Shakspeare, with his wonted licence, uses it, both here and in *Othello*, in the sense of a *solitary* farm-house.

I have since observed that the word was used in the same sense by the contemporary writers. So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, printed about the year 1590: „— till my return I will have thee stay at our little *graunge* house in the country.“

In Lincolnshire they at this day call every lone house that is unconnected with others, a *grange*.
MALONE.

P. 136, first l. — we shall have all the world drink brown and white *bastard*.] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian *bastardo*.
WARBURTON.

Bastard was raisin-wine. See Minshieu's Dict. in v.
MALONE.

P. 136, l. 4 — 7. — *since, of two usuries, etc.*] Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover was a comparison between the two usurers; as, before, between the two usuries. So that, for the future, the passage should be read with asterisks, thus — *by order of law, * * * a furr'd gown, etc.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then *since of two usurers the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown, etc.* His punctuation is right, but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Usury* may be used by an easy licence for the *professors of usury*.

JOHNSON.

P. 136, l. 7 — 9. — *and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, etc.*] In this passage the foxes skins are supposed to denote craft, and the lamb-skins innocence. It is evident therefore that we ought to read, „furred with fox *on* lamb-skins,“ instead of „*and* lamb-skins;“ for otherwise, craft will not stand for the facing.

M. MASON.

Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings to cloth in Shakspeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence *fox-furr'd* slave is used as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, and in other old comedies.

MALONE.

P. 136, l. 12. *Duke*. And you, good *brother father*:] In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the Duke humourously calls him, in his own style, *good brother father*. This would appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse*, mon pere frere. — *Et vous aussi*, mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT.

P. 136, l. 16. — for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange *pick-lock*,] As we hear no more of this charge, it is necessary to prevent honest Pompey from being taken for a house breaker. The *locks* which he had occasion to *pick*, were by no means common, in this country at least. They were probably introduced, with *other Spanish customs*, during the reign of Philip and Mary; and were so well known in Edinburgh, that in one of Sir David Lindsay's plays, represented to thousands in the open air, such a *lock* is actually opened on the stage. RITSON.

P. 137, l. 3 — 5. *That we were all, as some
would seem to be,*

*Free from our faults, as faults from
seeming, free!*] i. e.

as faults are destitute of all comeliness; or *seeming*. The first of these lines refers to the deputy's sanctified hypocrisy; the second to the Clown's beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of the rhyme. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

*Free from all faults, as from faults seeming
free.*

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the sense is trifling, and the expression harsh. To wish *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comeliness* [instead of void of comeliness] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it should be read :

*O that all were, as all would seem
to be,*

*Free from all faults, or from false seeming
free.*

So in this play :

„O place, O, power — how dost thou
„Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser
souls

„To thy false seeming!“

But now I believe that a less alteration will serve the turn :

*Free from all faults, or faults from seeming
free.*

that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocrisy. So Isabella calls Angelo's hypocrisy, *seeming, seeming.* JOHNSON.

I think we should read with Sir T. Hanmer :

*Free from all faults, as from faults seeming
free.*

i. e. *I wish we were all as good as we appear to be;* a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Sir T. Hanmer has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEVENS.

Hanmer is right with respect to the meaning of this passage, but I think his transposition unne-

cessary. The words, as they stand, will express the same sense, if pointed thus:

Free from all faults, as, faults from,
seeming free.

Nor is this construction more harsh than that of many other sentences in the play, which of all those which Shakspeare has left us, is the most defective in that respect. M. MASON.

P. 137, l. 7. *His neck will come to your waist, a cord,*] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 13. *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,* I believe Shakspeare meant no more than — Have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as *Pygmalion's* statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage, may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called, *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires*. I have never seen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its subject might be, we learn from an order signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inserted at the end of the second volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

A pick-lock had just been found upon the Clown, and therefore without great offence to his morals, it may be presumed he was likewise a pick-pocket; in which case *Pygmalion's images*, etc. may mean new-coined money with the Queen's image upon it. DOUCE.

P. 137, l. 17. *Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*] Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this? tune, matter, and method, — is't not? drown'd i' th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot?* etc. It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. Lucio, therefore, asks him, whether he was *drown'd in the last rain*, and therefore cannot speak. JOHNSON.

He rather asks him whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. STEEVENS.

P. 137, l. 18. *What say'st thou, trot?*] It should be read, I think, *what say'st thou to't?* the word *trot* being seldom, if ever, used to a man. Old *trot*, or *trat*, signifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab*. GRAY.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honest *trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 19. *Which is the way?*] *What is the mode now?* JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 24. 25. — *she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 32. *Go; say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?*] It should be pointed thus: *Go, say I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how — i. e. to hide the ignominy of*

thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humourously replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true case is the most honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any necessity for the alteration. Lucio first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement.

STEEVENS.

Warburton has taken some pains to amend this passage, which does not require it; and Lucio's subsequent reply to Elbow, shows that his amendment cannot be right. When Lucio advises Pompey to say he sent him to the prison, and in his next speech desires him to commend him to the prison, he speaks as one who had some interest there, and was well known to the keepers.

M. MASON.

P. 138, l. 5. 6. You will turn good husband now, Pompey: *you will keep the house*.] Alluding to the etymology of the word *husband*. MALONE.

P. 138, l. 11. — *it is not the wear*.] i. e. it is not the fashion. STEEVENS.

P. 138, l. 22. Go, — to *kennel*, Pompey, go:] It should be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a *kennel*. JOHNSON.

P. 139, l. 4. and fol. *Yes*, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd*: etc. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke personally with it.

EDWARDS.

P. 139, l. 17. A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the masculine gender*; a thing that appears to have those powers of which it is not in reality possessed. STEEVENS.

A *motion ungenerative* is a moving or animated body without the power of generation.

RITSON.

P. 139, l. 28. I never heard the absent Duke much *detected for women*;] In the Statute 5d Edward First, c. 15. the words *gentz rettez de felonie* are rendered persons *detected* of felony, that is, as I conceive, *suspected*. REED.

Detected, however, may mean, *notoriously charged*, or guilty. So, in North's translation of Plutarch: „ — he only of all other Kings in his time was most *detected* with this vice of lecherie.“

MALONE.

P. 139, l. 34. — to put a ducat in her *clack-dish*:] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden-dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to show that their vessel was empty. This appears from a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Grey. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 2. *Inward* is intimate. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 3. *A shy fellow was the Duke*:] The meaning of this term may be best explained by the following lines in the fifth Act:

„The wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

„May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute,“ etc.

MALONE.

P. 140, l. 8. *The greater file*] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 11. *unweighing* i. e. inconsiderate, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 15. — and the business he hath helmed,] *The difficulties he hath steer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 3. — *opposite* — i. e. opponent, adversary. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 12. — *ungenitur'd*] This word seems to be formed from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*.
TOLLET.

P. 141, l. 20. The Duke, I say to thee again, *would eat mutton on Fridays.*] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THEOBALD.

P. 141, l. 21. *He's now past it; yet,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *He is not past it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but seems not necessary. It were to be wished, that we all explained more, and amended less.

JOHNSON.

If Johnson understood the passage as it stands, I wish he had explained it. To me, Hanmer's amendment appears absolutely necessary. M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's remark: and yet the old reading is, in my opinion, too intelligible to need explanation. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 22. *though she smelt brown bread and garlick:*] This was the phraseology of our author's time. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Master Fenton is said to „*smell April and May*,“ not „*to smell of*,“ etc. MALONE.

P. 142, l. 2. — *forfeit* — i. e. transgress, offend; from the French *forfaire*. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 3. — *mercy swear,*] We should read *swerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore.
WARBURTON.

There is surely no need of emendation. We say at present, Such a thing is *enough* to make a parson swear, i. e. deviate from a proper respect to decency, and the sanctity of his character.

The idea of *swearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient mysteries.

STEEVENS.

I do not much like *mercy swear*, the old reading; or *mercy-swerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it should be, this would make *mercy severe*. FARMER.

We still say, *to swear like an emperor*; and from some old book, of which I unfortunately neglected to copy the title, I have noted — *to swear like a tyrant*. *To swear like a termagant* is quoted elsewhere. RITSON.

P. 142, l. 29. — *from the see*,] The folio reads: — *from the sea*. JOHNSON.

The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's Chronicle, *sea* is often written for *see*. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 1 — 3. *There is scarce truth enough alive*, etc.] The speaker here alludes to those legal securities into which „fellowship“ leads men to enter for each other. MALONE.

The sense is, „There scarcely exists sufficient honesty in the world to make social life secure; but there are occasions enough where a man may be drawn in to become *surety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendships.“ In excuse of this quibble, Shakspeare may plead high authority. — “He that hateth *suretiship* is sure. Prov. xi. 15. HOLT WHITE.

P. 143, l. 25. — *resolved* —] i. e. satisfied.

REED.

P. 143, l. 28. 29. — *but my brother justice have I found so severe, etc.*] Summum jus, summa injuria. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 3. 4. *Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand: and virtue go;*] These lines I cannot understand, — but believe that they should be read thus:

*Patterning himself to know,
In grace to stand, in virtue go.*

To *pattern* is to work after a pattern, and, perhaps, in Shakspeare's licentious diction, simply to work. The sense is, *he that bears the sword of heaven should be holy as well as severe; one that after good examples labours to know himself, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe: should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

This last line is not intelligible as it stands; but a very slight alteration, the addition of the word *in*, at the beginning of it, which may refer to *virtue* as well as *grace*, will render the sense of it clear. „Pattern in himself to know,“ is to feel in his own breast that virtue which he makes others practise. M. MASON.

„Pattern in himself to know,“ is, to experience in his own bosom an original principle of action, which, instead of being borrowed or

copied from others, might serve as a *pattern* to them. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 10. *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himself in his own private vices. STEEVENS.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the Duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person. The meaning seems to be — *To destroy by extirpation* (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height. The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

The Duke is plainly speaking in his own person. What he here terms „*my vice*,“ may be explained from his conversation in Act I. sc. iv. with Friar Thomas, and especially the following line :

„— ’twas *my* fault to give the people scope.“
The *vice* of *Angelo* requires no explanation.

HENLEY.

P. 144, l. 12. *Though angel on the outward side!*] Here we see what induced our author to give the outward-sainted deputy, the name of *Angelo*. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 15 — 16. *How may likeness, made in crimes, etc.*] The sense is this. How much wickedness may a man hide *within*, though he appear angel *without*. How may *that* likeness made in crimes, i. e. by hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical expression, an *angel made in crimes*] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble

pretences [finely called *spiders' strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, etc.

WARBURTON.

Likeness may mean *seemliness*, fair appearance, as we say, a *likely* man. STEEVENS.

By *made in crimes*, the Duke means, trained in iniquity, and perfect in it. Thus we say — a *made* horse; a *made* pointer; meaning one well trained. M. MASON.

P. 144, l. 20. So *disguise* shall, by the *disguis'd*,] So *disguise* shall by means of a person *disguised*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit person*. JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 23 and fol. *Take, oh take those lips away*, etc.] This is a part of a little song of Shakspeare's own writing, consisting of two stanzas, and so extremely sweet, that the reader won't be displeased to have the other:

*Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

WARBURTON.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakspeare's Poems, they have done the same to so many other pieces, of which the real authors are since known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jagard's edition of our author's Sonnets, which was printed during his life-time. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 14. *My mirth it much displeas'd,
but pleas'd my woe.*]

Though the musick soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment.

JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 24. — *constantly* —] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 31. *Circummured*, walled round. „He caused the doors to be *mured* and cased up. *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. JOHNSON.

P. 145, last l. — *a planched gate*, —] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr.

A *plancher* is a plank. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 10. 11. *In action all of precept, he did show me*

The way twice o'er.] i. e. shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we should read,

In precept of all action, — that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute signs*. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 15. *And that I have possess'd him,*] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend.

JOHNSON.

To *possess* had formerly the sense of *inform* or *acquaint*. REED.

P. 147, l. 3 — 10. It plainly appears that *this* fine speech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding scene between the Duke and Lucio. For they are absolutely foreign to the subject of this, and are the natural reflections arising from that. Besides, the very words,

*Run with these false and most contrarious
quests,*

evidently refer to Lucio's scandals just preceding; which the Oxford editor, in his usual way, has emended,

emended, by altering *these* to *their*. But that some time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I suppose, took part of the speech, beginning at *No might nor greatness*, etc. and put it here, without troubling themselves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places. **WARBURTON.**

I cannot agree that these lines are placed here by the players. The sentiments are common, and such as a Prince, given to reflection, must have often present. There was a necessity to fill up the time in which the ladies converse apart, and they must have quick tongues and ready apprehensions, if they understood each other while this speech was uttered. **JOHNSON.**

P. 147, l. 3. — *false eyes* —] That is, Eyes insidious and traitorous. **JOHNSON.**

P. 147, l. 6. *Run with these false and most contrarious quests*

Upon thy doings!] Different reports, running counter to each other. **JOHNSON.**

I incline to think that *quests* here means *inquisitions*, in which sense the word was used in Shakspeare's time. See Minshieu's Dict. in v. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders „A quest,“ by „examen, inquisitio.“ **MALONE.**

False and contrarious quests in this place rather mean *lying and contradictory messengers*, with whom *run volumes of report*. **RITSON.**

P. 147, l. 7. — *'scapes of wit* —] i. e. sallies, irregularities. **STEEVENS.**

P. 147, l. 9. *And rack thee in their fancies!*] Though *rack*, in the present instance, may signify *torture* or *mangle*, it might also mean *confuse*;

as the *rack*, i. e. fleeting cloud, renders the object behind it obscure, and of undetermined form.

STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 23. 24. *Sith that the justice of your title to him*

Doth flourish the deceit.] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship. WARBURTON.

Flourish is ornament in general. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's illustration of the metaphor seems to be inaccurate. The passage from another of Shakspeare's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, suggests to us the true one.

The term — *flourish*, alludes to the flowers impressed on the waste printed paper and old books, with which trunks are commonly lined.

HENLEY.

When it is proved that the practice alluded to, was as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, Mr. Henley's explanation may be admitted. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 25. Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tythe's* to sow.] As before, the blundering editors have made a *Prince* of the *priestly* Angelo, so here they have made a *priest* of the *Prince*. We should read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain from which we expect our harvest, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty sophism. We should read, *tilth*, i. e. our *tillage is to make*. But in the text it is *to sow*; and who has ever said that his *tillage* was *to sow*? I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do justice to his own conjecture; and no wonder, therefore, that Dr. Johnson has not. — *Tilth* is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing. Shakspeare, however, has applied it before in its usual acceptation. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be supported by many instances in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635. TOLLET.

Tilth is used for *crop*, or *harvest*, by Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 93. b.

„To sowe cockill with the corne,
„So that the *tilth* is nigh folorne,
„Which Christ *sew* first his own honde.“

Shakspeare uses the word *tilth* in a former scene of this play; and, (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) in its common acceptation:

„— her plenteous womb
„Expresseth its full *tilth* and husbandry.“

Again, in *The Tempest*:

„— bound of land, *tilth*, vineyard, none.“

but my quotation from Gower shows that, to *sow tilth*, was a phrase once in use. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 11. — an *unpitied whipping*;] i. e. an unmerciful one. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 31. *Favour* is countenance.

STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 4. 5. — *what mystery*, etc.] Though I have adopted an emendation independent of the following note, the omission of it would have been unwarrantable. STEEVENS.

— *what mistery there should be in hanging*,
if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a *mistery*.

Clo. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief:*

Clo. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.]*

Thus it stood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be understood. The plain and humorous sense of the speech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Because, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough: i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see, that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus: —

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reason. — *I am satisfied the poet intended a regular sollogism; and I submit it to judgement, whether my regulation has not restored that wit and humour which was quite lost in the depravation.* — But the place is corrupt, though

Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mystery: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel*, etc. but this proves the *thief's* trade a mystery, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears, that the speech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a mystery, is lost. The very words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very same the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mystery; namely, *that all sorts of clothes fitted the hangman*. The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose, to this effect: *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mystery*. The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little*, etc. The jocular conclusion from the whole, being an insinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting; and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel*, etc. was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true. WARBURTON.

If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, „that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped.“

The argument of the Hangman is exactly similar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his

claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel, or tailors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the last speech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by mistake, as the reader's own sagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I suppose, therefore the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a mystery.*

Clown. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I must do Dr. Warburton the justice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument.

HEATH.

There can be no doubt but the word *Clown*, prefixed to the last sentence, *If it be too little*, etc. should be struck out. It makes part of Abhorson's argument, who has undertaken to prove that hanging was a mystery, and convinces the Clown of it by this very speech. M. MASON.

P. 149, l. 8. *True man*, in the language of ancient times, is always placed in opposition to *thief*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens seems to be mistaken in his assertion that *true man* in ancient times was always

placed in opposition to *thief*. At least in the book of Genesis, there is one instance to the contrary, ch. xiii. v. 11: — „We are all one man's sons: we are all *true men*; thy servants are no *spies*.“ HENLEY.

P. 149, l. 24. — you shall find me *yare*: i. e. handy, nimble in the execution of my office.

STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 25. — *a good turn*.] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phrase according to its common acceptation. FARMER.

P. 150, first l. — *starkly* —] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 18. *They will then*, —] Perhaps — *she* will then. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The Duke expects *Isabella* and *Mariana*. A little afterward he says:

„— Now are *they* come.“ RITSON.

P. 150, l. 23. *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 26. *To qualify* —] To temper, to moderate, as we say wine is qualified with water.

JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 26. — *were he meal'd*] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled.

Mealed is mingled, compounded; from the French *mesler*. BLACKSTONE.

P. 151, first l. *That wounds the unsisting postern*
with these strokes.]

The line is irregular, and the old reading, *unresisting postern*, so strange an expression, that want of measure, and want of sense, might justly raise suspicion of an error; yet none of the latter editors seem to have supposed the place faulty, except Sir Thomas Hanmer. who reads:

— *the unresting postern* —

The three folios have it,

— *unsisting postern* —

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unresisting*, and the rest followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer seems to have supposed *unresisting* the word in the copies, from which he plausibly enough extracted *unresting*; but he grounded his emendation on the very syllable that wants authority. What can be made of *unsisting* I know not; the best that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. JOHNSON.

Unsisting may signify „never at rest,“ always opening. BLACKSTONE.

I should think we might safely read:

— *unlist'ning postern, or unshifting postern.*

The measure requires it, and the sense remains uninjured.

Mr. M. Mason would read *unlisting*, which means *unregarding*. I have, however, inserted Sir William Blackstone's emendation in the text.

STEEVENS.

P. 151. l. 15. — the *siege* of justice, —] i. e. *seat* of justice. *Siege*, French. STEEVENS.

P. 151. l. 19 — 27. The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say:

This is his Lordship's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says

to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter :

This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin.

TYRWHITT.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost sees the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have *known something*, and changes his mind. Either reading may serve equally well. JOHNSON.

P. 152, l. 3. — *putting on:*] i. e. spur, incitement. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 19. — *a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has been confined these nine years.

MALONE.

P. 152, last l. — *desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate*. *Mortally* in low conversation used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate state*, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often used by Shakspeare in the sense first affixed to it by Dr. Johnson, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:

„And you, ye *mortal* engines,“ etc.

MALONE.

As our author, in *The Tempest*, seems to have written „harmonious charmingly,“ instead of „harmoniously charming,“ he may, in the present instance, have given us „desperately mortal,“ for „mortally desperate;“ i. e. desperate in the extreme. — In low provincial language, — *mortal* sick, — *mortal* bad, — *mortal* poor, is phraseology of frequent occurrence. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 12. — *in the boldness of my cunning;]* i. e. in confidence of my sagacity.

STEEVENS.

P. 153. l. 34. — *and tie the beard;]* The *Revisal* recommends Mr. Simpson's emendation, *DIE the beard*, but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is said to have been ludicrously careful about this ornament of his face. It should, however, be remembered, that it was also the custom *to die beards*. STEEVENS.

A beard *tied* would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid. JOHNSON.

P. 153, last l. — *it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death:]* These words relate to what has just preceded — *shave the head*. The modern editions following the fourth folio, read — *to be so barb'd;* but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well:* „I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.“

MALONE.

P. 154, first l. — *the course is common.]* P. *Mathieu*, in his *Heroyke Life and deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth, of France*, says, that Ravaiillac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head and shook a spark of fire from his beard. REED.

P. 154, l. 30. — *nothing of what is writ.]* We should read — *here writ* — the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

P. 155, l. 7. — *in our house of profession:]* i. e. in my late mistress's house, which was a *professed*, a notorious bawdy-house. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 9 — 26. *First, here's young master Rash, etc.*] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakspeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

Rash was the name of some kind of stuff.

STEEVENS.

If this term alludes to the stuff so called, (which was probably one of the commodities fraudulently issued out by money-lenders) there is nevertheless a pun intended. DOUCE.

All the names here mentioned are characteristic. *Rash* was a stuff formerly used. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 11. — *a commodity of brown paper* —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown pepper*; but the following passage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will completely establish the original reading:

„I know some gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper*.“

STEEVENS.

A commodity of brown paper —] Mr. Steevens supports this rightly. Fennor asks in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, „suppose the commodities are delivered after Signior Unthrif and Master Broaker have both sealed the bonds, how must those hobby horses, *reams of brown-paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles, be solde?“ FARMER.

In a MS. letter from Sir John Hollis to Lord Burleigh, is the following passage: „Your Lordship digged into my auncestors graves, and pulling

one up from his 70 yeares reste, pronounced him an abominable usurer and merchaunte of *browne paper*, so hatefull and contemptible that the players acted him before the kinge with great applause." And again: „Nevertheles I denye that any of them were *merchantes of browne paper*, neither doe I thinke any other but your Lordship's imagination ever sawe or hearde any, of them playde upon a stage; and that they were such usurers I suppose your Lordship will want testimonye." DOUCE.

P. 155, l. 22. — and master Forthright —] The old copy reads — Forthlight. Dr. Johnson, however, proposes to read *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thrust is made. Mr Ritson defends the present reading, but supposing the allusion to be to the fencers threat of making the *light* shine through his antagonist. REED.

Had he produced any proof that such an expression was in use in our author's time, his observation might have had some weight. It is probably a phrase of the present century.

MALONE.

P. 155, l. 23. and brave master *Shoe tye* the great traveller,] The old copy reads — *Shooty*; but as most of these are compound names, I suspect that this was originally written as I have printed it. At this time *Shoe-strings* were generally worn. As the person described was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be solicitous about the minutiae of dress; and the epithet *brave*, i. e. *showy*, seems to countenance the supposition. STEEVENS.

The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tye*, was used on the stage in his time. „Would not this, Sir, (says

while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out:

After him fellows, etc.

and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.

I do not see why this line should be taken from the Duke, and still less why it should be given to the Provost, who, by his question to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has passed between him and Barnardine. TIRWHITT.

P. 157, l. 19. — *to transport him —*] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

P. 158, l. 8. *The under generation,*] So Sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgement. It was in all the former editions:

To yonder —

yo under and *yonder* were confounded.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is not *yonder* but *yond*.

STEEVENS.

Prisons are generally so constructed as not to admit the rays of the sun. Hence the Duke here speaks of its greeting only those *without* the doors of the jail, to which he must be supposed to point when he speaks these words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think without necessity, reads — *To the under generation*, which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

Journal, in the preceding line, is *daily*. *Journalier*, Fr. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 20. — *and weal balanced form,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well-balanced* is the true reading; and Hanmer was of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 32 — 34. *But I will keep her ignorant of her good, etc.]*

A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy.

JOHNSON.

P. 159. l. 32. — *your bosom —*] Your wish; your heart's desire. JOHNSON.

P. 160, l. 9. I am *combined* by a sacred vow,] I once thought this should be *confined*, but Shakspeare uses *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement*; so he calls Angelo the *combinate* husband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

P. 160, l. 10. *Wend you —*] To *wend* is to go — An obsolete word. STEEVENS.

P. 160, l. 24. — *the old fantastical Duke —*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *the odd fantastical Duke*; but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was old revelling*.

JOHNSON.

This Duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. MALONE.

P. 160, l. 28. — *he lives not in them. i. e.* his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

P. 160, l. 31. A *woodman* seems to have been an attendant or servant to the Officer called *Forrester*. See *Manwood on the Forest Laws*, 4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, and was, probably, in our author's time generally so received. REED.

P. 161, l. 29. *Ang.* And why should we proclaim it etc.] It is the conscious guilt of Angelo that prompts this question. The reply of Escalus is such as arises from an undisturbed mind, that only considers the mysterious conduct of the Duke in a political point of view. STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 7. *sort and suit,*] Figure and rank.
JOHNSON.

Not so, as I imagine, in this passage. In the feudal times all vassals were bound to hold *suit* and *service* to their over-lord; that is, to be ready at all times to attend and serve him, either when summoned to his courts, or to his standard in war. *Such men of sort and suit as are to meet him*, I presume, means the Duke's vassals or tenants *in capite*. — Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786.

STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 11. This deed unshapes me quite, makes
me *unpregnant*,] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is *pregnant*, i. e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared*. STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 16. *Yet reason dares her?* — *no* :) The old folio impressions read: — *Yet reason dares her No*,

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me; *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

— *Yet reason dares her note*.

Tir Thomas Hammer:

— *Yet reason dares her: No*.

Mr. Upton:

— *Yet reason dares her — No*.

which he explains thus: *Were it not for her maiden modesty, how might the lady proclaim my guilt? Yet (you'll say) she has reason on her side, and that will make her dare to do it. I think not; for my authority is of such weight, etc. I am afraid dare has no such signi-*

signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is evidently right with respect to this reading, though wrong in his application. The expression is a provincial one and very intelligible:

— *But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden
loss,*

*How might she tongue me? Yet reason
dares her No.*

That is, reason dares her to do it, as by this means she would not only publish her „maiden loss,” but also as she would certainly suffer from the imposing credit of his station and power, which would repel with disgrace any attack on his reputation:

*For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. — HENLEY.*

We think Mr. Henley rightly understands this passage, but has not sufficiently explained himself. Reason, or reflection, we conceive, personified by Shakspeare, and represented as *daring* or *overawing* Isabella, and crying *No* to her, whenever she finds herself prompted to „tongue” Angelo. *Dare* is often met with in this sense in Shakspeare. MONTHLY REVIEW.

P. 162, l. 18. 19. *Credent* is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, *not questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakspeare, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*.

Particular is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

P. 162, l. 27. Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

P. 162, l. 31. *These letters at fit time deliver me.]* Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

The first clause of this remark is undoubtedly just; but, respecting the second, I wish our readers to recollect that all the plays of Shakspeare, before they reached the press, had passed through a dangerous medium, and probably experienced the injudicious curtailments to which too many dramatic pieces are still exposed, from the ignorance, caprice, and presumption of transcribers, players, and managers. STEEVENS.

P. 163, l. 3. To *blench* is to start off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 22. *He says, to veil full purpose.]* Mr. Theobald alters it to,

He says, t'availful purpose;

because he has no idea of the common reading. A good reason! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is used for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He says it is to hide a beneficial purpose, that must not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

To veil full purpose, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our design*, and therefore the reading may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's

alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with such laxity, as to make *full* the same with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all necessity of emendation, for any word may then stand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

I think Theobald's explanation right, but his amendment unnecessary. We need only read *vailful* as one word. Shakspeare, who so frequently uses *cite* for *excite*, *bate* for *abate*, *force* for *enforce*, and many other abbreviations of a similar nature, may well be supposed to use *vailful* for *availful*. M. MASON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word should be written — *veil*, as it is now printed in the text.

That *vail* was the old spelling of *veil*, appears from a line in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623:

„*Vailing* an Indian beauty —“

for which in the modern editions *veiling* has been rightly substituted. MALONE.

P. 163, l. 30. *Enter Friar PETER.*] This play has two friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 4. *The generous* — i. e. the *most noble*, etc. *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense. „*Virgo generosa et nobilis*,“ Cicero.

STEEVENS.

P. 164, l. 5. *Have hent the gates*, — Have seized or taken possession of the gates. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 10. — — — *Vail your regard*
Upon a wrong'd,] That is, withdraw
 your thoughts from higher things, let your notice
 descend upon a wronged woman. To *vail* is to
 lower. JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 7. 8. — — — *for truth is truth*
To the end of the reckoning,] That is,
 truth has no gradations: nothing which admits of
 encrease can be so much what it is, as *truth* is
truth. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing
more strange, but if a proposition be *true*, there
 can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 18. *As shy*; as reserved, as abstracted:
as just; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as com-
 plete all in the round of duty. JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 20. *In all his dressings,*] In all his
 semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office.
 JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 20. — *characts,*] i. e. characters. See
Dugdale, Orig. Jurid. p. 81: —

„That he use ne hide, no charme, ne *carecte*.“

TYRWHITT.

Charact signifies an inscription. The stat. 1
 Edward VI. c. 2. directed the seals of office of
 every bishop to have „certain *characts* under the
 King's arms, for the knowledge of the diocese.“
Characters are the letters in which the inscription
 is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which
 characters are composed.

„Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*.“

Merry Wives of Windsor. BLACKSTONE.

P. 166, l. 30. — *nor do not banish reason*

For inequality:] Let not the high quality
 of my adversary prejudice you against me. JOHNSON.

Inequality appears to me to mean, in this place,
apparent inconsistency; and to have no reference

to the high rank of Angelo, as Johnson supposes. M. MASON.

I imagine the meaning rather is — *Do not suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and unequally.* MALONE.

P. 166, l. 33. *And hide the false, seems true.*] And for ever *hide*, i. e. plunge into eternal darkness, the false one, i. e. Angelo, who now seems honest. Many other words would have expressed our poet's meaning better than *hide*: but he seems to have chosen it merely for the sake of opposition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unnecessarily reads — *Not hide the false*, — which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

I do not profess to understand these words; nor can I perceive how the meaning suggested by Mr. Malone is to be deduced from them. STEEVENS.

P. 167, last but one l. To *refel* is to refute. The modern editors changed the word to *repel*.

STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 3. *To his concupiscible etc.*] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively substitute *concupiscent*. STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 5. *My sisterly remorse* —] i. e. *pity*. So, in *King Richard III*;

„And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorse*.“

STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 8. *His purpose surfeiting*,] Thus the old copy. We might read *forfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakespeare to be rejected. So, in *Othello*:

„— my hopes not *furfeited* to death.“

STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 11. *Like* is not here used for *probable*, but for *seemly*. She catches at the

Duke's word, and turns it into another sense; of which there are a great many examples in Shakspeare, and the writers of that time.

WARBURTON.

I do not see why *like* may not stand here for *probable*, or why the lady should not wish, that since her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we should read:

O! that it were as likely, as 'tis true!

Likely I have never found for *seemly*. JOHNSON.

Though I concur in Dr. Johnson's explanation, I cannot help observing that *likely* is used by Shakspeare himself for *seemly*. The meaning, I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance*, as it has of the *reality*, of truth!

MALONE.

P. 168, l. 12. *Fond* wretch is *foolish* wretch.

STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 15. *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem.

JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 29. *In countenance!* — i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

Countenance, in my opinion, does not mean partial favour, as Warburton supposes, but *false appearance*, *hypocrisy*. Isabella does not mean to accuse the Duke of partiality; but alludes to the sanctified demeanour of Angelo, which, as she supposes, prevented the Duke from believing her story. M. MASON.

P. 168, last l. *Practice*, in Shakspeare, very often means *shameful artifice*, unjustifiable stratagem. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 28. It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here.

It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs.* It may mean *temporising*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you.* Or we may read:

Not scurvy, nor a tamperer and medler:
not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a false evidence against your deputy. JOHNSON.

Peter here refers to what Lucio had before affirmed concerning Friar Lodowick. Hence it is evident that the phrase „*temporary medler*,“ was intended to signify *one who introduced himself, as often as he could find opportunity, into other men's concerns.* See the context. HENLEY.

P. 169, last l. — *his mere request,*] i. e. his *absolute request.* STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 6. *Whensoever he's convented.*] The first folio reads, *convented*, and this is right: for to *convene* signifies to assemble; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet because *convented* hurts the measure, the Oxford editor sticks to *conven'd*, though it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled together.* But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing, and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the editor quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure; which Shakspeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. WARBURTON.

The foregoing account of the measure of Shakspeare, and his contemporaries, ought indeed to be forgotten, because it is untrue. To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the same Latin verb, and have exactly the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 8. — *vulgarly* —] Meaning either so grossly, with such indecency of invective, or by so mean and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means publickly. The *vulgar* are the common people. Daniel uses *vulgarly* for among the common people.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly the true one. MALONE.

P. 170, l. 17. 18. — — — *be you judge
Of your own cause.* —] Surely, says Mr. Theobald, this Duke had odd notions of impartiality! He reads therefore, *I will be partial*, and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the observation unanswerable. But see the uncertainty of criticism! *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam, the Woman Hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree against the women:

„You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
„From you to judges more indifferent.“

FARMER.

P. 170, l. 30. — *Neither maid, widow, nor
wife?*] This is a proverbial phrase, to be found in Ray's Collection.

STEEVENS.

P. 171, l. 27. *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. JOHNSON.

P. 172, first l. A *garden-house* in the time of our author was usually appropriated to purposes of intrigue. MALONE.

P. 172, l. 12. 13. — *for that her promised proportions*

Came short of composition;] Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

P. 172, last but one l. *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. STEEVENS.

P. 173, l. 12. When any thing subject to counterfeit is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or *seal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 24. Whom it concerns *to hear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; to search it to the bottom.

JOHNSON.

P. 174, l. 17. — *for women are light at midnight.*] This is one of the words on which Shakespeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. sc. i:

„Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*.“

STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 31. Respect to your *great place!* etc.] I suspect that a line preceding this has been lost.

MALONE.

I suspect no omission. *Great place* has reference to the preceding question — „know you *where* you are?“ STEEVENS.

P. 175, l. 8. *Thus to retort your manifest appeal,*] To refer back to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

P. 175, l. 27. Nor here *provincial*:] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have also superiors, subordinate to the general, in the several provinces through which the order may be dispersed. The Friar therefore means to say, that the Duke dares not touch a finger of his, for he could not punish him by his own authority, as he was not his subject, nor through that of the superior, as he was not of that province.

M. MASON.

P. 175, l. 29. Where I have seen corruption *boil and bubble*, etc.] I fear that, in the present instance, our author's metaphor is from the kitchen. So, in *Macbeth*:

„Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.“

STEEVENS.

P. 175, l. 33. — — — that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,] Barbers' shops

were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

„*Tonstrina erat quaedam: hic solebamus ferè*

„*Plerumque eam opperiri*“ —.

which Donatus calls *apta sedes otiosis*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom

his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. **WARBURTON.**

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. **JOHNSON.**

It was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to pick the *teeth* and *ears*. So, in the old play of *Herod* and *Antipater*, 1622, *Tryphon* the *barber*, enters with a case of instruments, to each of which he addresses himself separately:

„Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
„Have been her sweet companions! —“ etc,

I have conversed with several people who had repeatedly read the list of forfeits alluded to by Shakspeare, but have failed in my endeavours to procure a copy of it. The metrical one, published by the late Dr. Kenrick, was a forgery.

STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation in the main to be right, only that instead of chirurgical instruments, the barber's prohibited implements were principally his razors: his whole stock of which, from the number and impatience of his customers on a Saturday night or a market morning, being necessarily laid out for use, were exposed to the idle fingers of the bye-standers, in waiting for succession to the chair.

These forfeits were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a

ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire (printed like King Charles's Rules,) though I cannot recollect their contents. HENLEY.

P. 176, l. 13. And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward,] Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the Duke. — Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

P. 176, l. 28. A *giglot* is a wanton wench.

STEEVENS.

P. 177, first l. — *show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase on such occasions is simply: *show your sheep-biting face and be hanged*. The words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom. I suppose it was written thus: *show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged — an' how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's alteration is wrong. In *The Alchemist* we meet with „a man that has been *strangled an hour*.”

„What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while*,” is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

Dr. Johnson is much too positive in asserting „that the words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom,” as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by *collistrigium*, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present which receives the neck, only

it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A distinct account of it may be found, if I mistake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Observations on the Statutes*. HENLEY.

P. 177, l. 16. That yet can *do thee office?*] i. e. do thee service. STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 23. Hath look'd *upon my passes:*] i. e. what has past in my administration. „Not so; (says the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.) *Passes* means here *artful devices, deceitful contrivances*. *Tours de passe-passe*, in French, are tricks of jugglery.“ STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 33. — *which consummate*, —] i. e. which being consummated. MALONE.

P. 178, l. 6. *Avertising, and holy* —] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 13. — *be you as free to us.*] Be as generous to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 19. *Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,*] That is, a premature discovery of it. M. MASON.

P. 178, l. 23. *That brain'd my purpose:*] We now use in conversation a like phrase: *This it was that knocked my design on the head*. Dr. Warburton reads:

— baned my purpose. JOHNSON.

P. 179. l. 3. 4. — — — *in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,*] Our author ought to have written — „in double violation of sacred chastity, and of promise,“ instead of — *promise-breach*. Sir T. Hanmer reads — [and in promise-breach; but change is certainly here improper, Shakspeare having many similar inaccura-

cies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Isabel; yet still some difficulty will remain: for then he will be said to be „*criminal* [instead of *guilty*] promise-breach.“

MALONE.

P. 178, l. 7. — *even from his proper tongue,]*
Even from Angelo's own tongue. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 14. *Which though thou would'st deny,*
deniest the advantage;]
Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

The denial of which will avail thee nothing.

MALONE.

P. 179, l. 30. Although by *confiscation* they
are ours,] This reading was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right: — by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This, however, being rather harsh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

I cannot think it even *possible* that *confutation* should be the true reading. But the value of the second folio, it seems, must on all occasions be disputed. STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 8. *Against all sense you do im-*
portune her:] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection Shakspeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

P. 180, l. 26 — 28. The Duke has justly observed, that Isabel is *importuned against all sense* to solicit for Angelo, yet here *against all sense* she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary:

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die.*

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, from any plea in his favour? *Since he was good till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms.

JOHNSON.

It is evident that Isabella condescends to Mariana's importunate solicitation, with great reluctance. Bad as her argument might be, it is the best that the guilt of Angelo would admit. The sacrifice that she makes of her revenge to her friendship, scarcely merits to be considered in so harsh a light. RITSON.

P. 180, l. 32. 33. And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way:} i. e. like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more:

Illum expirantem —

Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt.

STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 16. — *after more advice: i. e. after more mature consideration.* STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 11. *But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;]* Thy faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are cognisable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 26. 27. It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the sight of her brother.

JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 28. *Quits you, recompenses, requites you.* JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 29. — *her worth, worth yours. —]* Sir T. Hanmer reads, *Her worth works yours.* This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reason? How does *her worth work Angelo's worth?* it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle; but the sense is plain. *Her worth, worth yours;* that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you.

JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 32. *And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon; —]*

The Duke only means to frighten *Lucio*, whose final sentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punishments are remitted. STEEVENS.

P. 132, last l. *Luxury means incontinence.*

STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 4. — *according to the trick:]* To my custom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

Lucio does not say *my* trick, but *the* trick; nor does he mean to excuse himself by saying that he spoke according to his usual practice, for that would be

be an aggravation to his guilt, but according to *the* trick and practice of the times. It was probably then the practice, as it is at this day for the dissipated and profligate, to ridicule and slander persons in high station, or of superior virtue.

M. MASON.

According to the *trick*, is, according to the fashion of thoughtless youth. MALONE.

P. 183, l. 21. — *thy other forfeits*:] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.

To *forfeit* anciently signified to *commit a carnal offence*. STEEVENS.

P. 185, l. 30. and fol. I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus:

*Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness,*

*Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.*

Ang. The offence pardons itself.

Duke. There's more behind

*That is more grate. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion, etc.* JOHNSON.

P. 183, l. 31. — *that is more grate*. —] i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*; meaning, I suppose, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reason to rejoice in consequence of his upright ministry. *Escalus* is represented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with Angelo, had reached the highest office of the state. He therefore could not be sufficiently rewarded here; but is necessarily referred to a future and more exalted recompense. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of Steeven's explanation of this passage, which is very far-fetched indeed. The Duke gives Escalus thanks for his much goodness, but tells him that he had some other reward in store for him, more acceptable than thanks; which agrees with what he said before, in the beginning of this act:

„— we hear

„Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

„Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,

„*Fore-running more requital.*“ M. MASON.

Heywood also in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, uses to *gratulate*, in the sense of to reward.

MALONE.

Mr. M. MASON's explanation may be right; but he forgets that the speech he brings in support of it, was delivered before the denouement of the scene, and was, at that moment, as much adressed to *Angelo* as to Escalus; and for *Angelo* the Duke had certainly no reward or honours, in store. — Besides, I cannot but regard the word — *requital* as an interpolation, because it destroys the measure, without improvement of the sense. „Fore-running more,“ therefore, would only signify — *preceding further thanks.* STEEVENS.

P. 184, last l. I cannot help taking notice with how much judgement Shakspeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage: a circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the Emperour,

though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our author's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakspeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had remodelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the Duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio

Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine Emperor of the Romans.

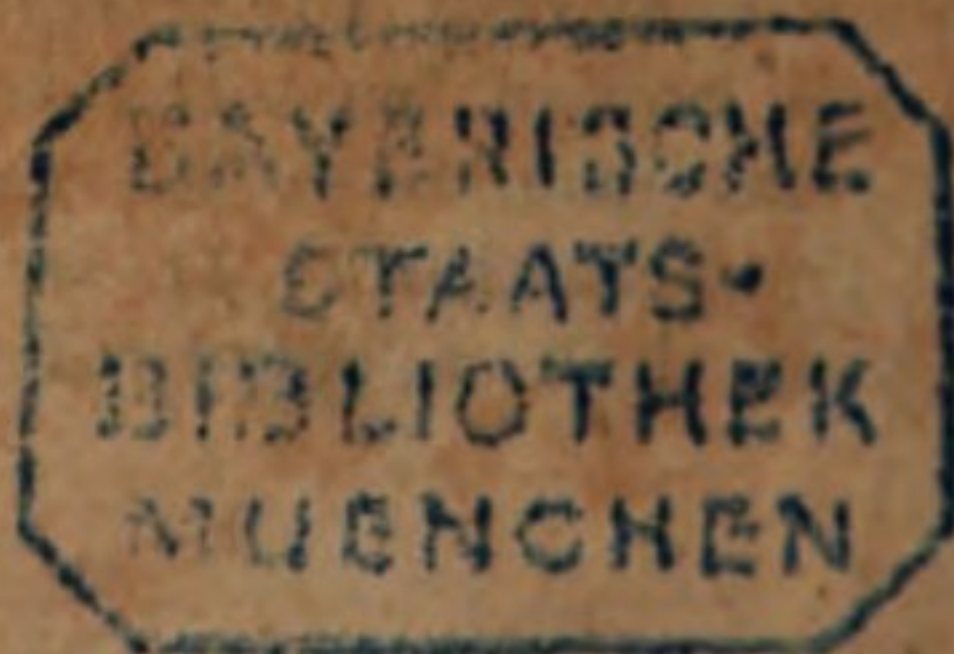
Of this play the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the Duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

The Duke probably had learnt the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, „having ever loved the life removed.“ (Page 432) „And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *seemer*, (Page 434) and therefore he stays to watch him.

BLACKSTONE.

* * Just as this play was completing at the press, some ingenious illustrations of several parts of it, from similar passages in the Bible, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1795, p. 644. NICHOLS.

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